

Accessions

149,654

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ALBVMAR.

A


Comedy presented be-
fore the Kings Maiefty at
CAMBRIDGE.

By the Gentlemen of Trinity Colledge.

Newly revised and corrected by a speciall
Hand.



LONDON,
Printed by Nicholas Okes 1634.



Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Albumazar.</i>	An Astrologer.
<i>Ronca</i>	
<i>Harpax.</i>	Theeves.
<i>Furbo.</i>	
<i>Pandolfo.</i>	An old Gentleman.
<i>Cricca.</i>	His servant.
<i>Trincalo.</i>	<i>Pandolfo's</i> Farmer.
<i>Armellina.</i>	<i>Antonio's</i> maide.
<i>Lelio.</i>	<i>Antonio's</i> Sonne.
<i>Eugenio.</i>	<i>Pandolfo's</i> Sonne.
<i>Flavia.</i>	<i>Antonio's</i> daughter.
<i>Sulpitia.</i>	<i>Pandolfo's</i> daughter.
<i>Bauilona.</i>	A Curtezen.
<i>Antonio.</i>	An old Gentleman.



The Prologue.

THe brightnesse of so great and faire a Presence,
They say, strikes cold amazement. But I feele
Contrary effects. For from the gracious center
O' th' Honourable assembly, some secret Power
Inflames my Courage; and, me thinks I am growne
Taller by th' vertue of this Audience.
And yet thus rais'd, I feare there's no retiring.

Ladies, whose beauties glad the whole Assembly:
Vpon your favours I impose my businesse.
If't be a fault to speake this Forraigne language,
(For Latine is our mother tongue) I must intreat you
To frame excuses for us; for whose sake
We now speake English. All the rest we hope
Come purposely to grace our poore endeavours;
As we to please. In whose faire courtesie
We trust; not in our weake ability.

Albu-



Albumazar.

Act. I. Scen. I.

Enter Albumazar, Harpax, Ronca.

Albumazar.



Come brave Mercurials sublim'd in cheating,
My deare companions, fellow-souldiers
I'th watchfull exercise of Theevery:
Shame not at your so large profession,
No more then? at deep Astrologie.

For in the dayes of old, *Good morrow Thiefe,*
As welcome was receiv'd, as now *Your Worship.*
The *Spartans* held it lawfull, and the *Arabians,*
So grew *Arabia, Faelix, Sparta* valiant.

Ronc. Read on this Lecture, wise Albumazar.

Alb. Your Patron *Mercury* in his mysterious character,
Holds all the makes of the other wanderers,
And with his subtill influence works in all,
Filling their stories full of Robberies.
Most Trades and Callings much participate
Of yours; though smoothly gilt with th' honest title
Of Merchant, Lawyer, or such like: the learned
Onely excepted; and he's therefore poore.

Harp. And yet he steals one Author from another.
This Poet is that Poets Plagiary,

ALMUMAZAR.

And he a third's, till they end all in *Homer*.

Albu. And *Homer* filch't all from an *Egyptian* Priestesse,
The worlds a Theater of theft. Great Rivers
Rob smaller Brooks; and them the Ocean.
And in this world of ours, this Microcosme,
Guts from the stomach steale, and what they spare,
The meseraicks filch, and lay't i' the liver :
Where (least it should be found) turn'd to red *Nectar*,
Tis by a thousand theevish veins conveyde
And hid in flesh, nerves bones, muscles, and sinews,
In tendons, skin, and haire, so that the property
Thus altered, the theft can never be discovered.
Now all these pilfries couch't and compos'd in order,
Frame thee and me. Man's a quick masse of thevery.

Ronc. Most Philosophicall *Albumazar* !

Harp. I thought these parts had lent and borrowed mutuall.

Albu. Say they do so : tis done with full intention
Nere to restore, and that's flat robbery.
Therefore go on, follow your vertues Lawes
Your cardnall vertue, *great necessity*,
Wait on her close, with all occasions.
Be watchfull, have as many eyes as Heaven,
And eares as Harvest: be resolv'd and impudent,
Beleeve none, trust none: for in this City
(As in a fought field Crowes and Carcasses)
No dwellers are but Cheaters and Cheateez.

Ronc. If all the houses in the town were prisons,
The chambers cages, all the settles stocks,
The broad-gates gallowfes, and the whole people
Justices, Juries, Constables, Keepers, and Hangmen,
Ide practise spite of all, and leave behinde me
A fruitfull Seminary of our profession,
And call them by the name *Albumazarians*.

Harp. And I no lesse, were all the City theeves
As cunning as thy selfe. *Albu.* Why bravely spoken,
Fitting such generous spirits: Ile make way
To your great vertue with a deep resemblance.

ALBUMAZAR.

Of high Astrologie. *Harpax* and *Ronca*.
 List to our profit: I have new lodg'd a prey
 Hard by, that taken is so fat and rich.
 Twill make us leave off trading, and fall to purchase.

Harp. Who is't? speak quickly. *Ron*. Where good *Albumazar*?

Alb. Tis a rich Gentleman, as old as foolish.

The poore remnant of whose brain that age had left him

The doting love of a young Girle hath dried:

And which concerns us most, he gives firme credit

To Necromancie and Astrologie. *Enter Furbo*.

Sending to me, as one that promise both.

Pandolfo is the man. *Har*. What old *Pandolfo*?

Alb. The same: but stay, yon's *Furbo* whose smoothest brow

Shines with good news, and's visage promises

Triumphs and Trophies to's *Furbo* plays.

Ron. My life ha's learnt out all, I know't by's musick.

Then Furbo sings this Song.

Beare up thy learned brow Albumazar,

Live long of all the world admir'd,

For Art profound, and skill retir'd,

To cheating by the height of stars:

Hence Gypsies, hence, hence rogues of baser strain,

That hazard life for little gain:

Stand off and wonder, gape and gaze afar

At the rare skill of great Albumazar.

Furb; Albumazar.

Spread out thy nets at large, here's fowle abundance:

Pandolfo's ours, I understand his businesse

Which I filcht closely from him, while he reveal'd

This man, his purposes and projects.

Alb. Excellent!

Thanks to this instrument: for in pretence

Of teaching yong *Sulptia*, th'old mans daughter,

I got access to th' house, and while I waited

Till she was ready, over-heard *Pandolfo*.

Open his secrets to his servant: thus tis,

ALBUMAZAR.

Antonio, Pandolfo's friend, and neighbour,
 Before he went to *Barbary*, agreed
 To give in marriage. *Alb. Furbo*, this no place
 Fit to consider curious points of businesse,
 Come let's away, Ile hear't at large above.
Ronca, stay you below, and entertain him
 With a loud noise of my deep skill in Art,
 Thou know'st my *Rosie* modesty cannot do it.
Harpax up you, and from my bed-chamber,
 Where all things for our purposes are ready,
 Second each beck, and nod, and word of ours.
 You know my meaning. *Har.* Yes, yes. *Fur.* Yes, sir.
Furbo goes out singing, Fa la la Pandolfo's ours.

ACT. I. SCEN. 2.

Ronca, Pandolfo, Cricca.

Ron. **T** Here's old *Pandolfo*, amorous as youthfull May,
 And gray as *January*. Ile attend him here.

Pan. *Cricca*, I seek thy aid, not thy crosse counsell,
 I am mad in love with *Flavia*, and must have her:
 Thou spend'st thy reasons to the contrary,
 Like arrows 'gainst an Anvile: I love *Flavia*,
 And must have *Flavia*. *Cric.* Sir, you have no reason,
 Shee's a young girle of sixteen, you of sixty.

Pan. I have no reason, nor spare room for any;
 Loves-Herbinger hath chalk't upon my heart,
 And with a coale writ on my brain, for *Flavia*.
 This house is wholly taken up for *Flavia*.
 Let reason get a lodging with her wit:
 Vex me no more, I must have *Flavia*.

Cric. But sir, her brother *Lelio*, under whose charge
 Shee's now after her fathers death, sware boldly
Pandolfo never shall have *Flavia*.

Pan. His father, ere he went to *Barbary*,
 Promis'd her me: who be he live or dead,

ALBUIMAZAR.

Spight of a Last of *Lelios* *Pandolfo*

Shall enjoy *Flavia*. *Cric*. Sir, y'are too old.

Pan. I must confesse in yeares about threescore,
But in tuffe strength of body, foure and twenty,
Or two months lesse. Love of young *Flavia*,
More powerfull then *Medea's* drugs, renews
All decay'd parts of man : my Arteries
Blown full with youthfull spirits, move the bloud
To a new businesse : my withered Nerves grow plumpe
And strong, long ing for action. Hence thou poore prop
Of feebleness and age : walke with such fires
As with cold Palsies shake away their strength.
And loose their legs with curelesse gout. *Pandolfo*
New moulded is for Revels, Masks, and Musick. *Cricca*
String my neglected Lute, and from my Armory
Scoure my best sword, companion of my youth,
Without which I seeme naked. *Cric*. Your love, sir, like strong
To a deplor'd sick man, quicks your feeble limbs (water
For a poor moment. But after ones nights lodging
You'l fall so dull and cold, that *Flavia*
Will shrike and leape from bed as from a Sepulchre.
Shall I speak plainer, sir? Sheele Cuckold you.
Alas sheele Cuckold you.

Pan. What me? a man of known discretion,
Of riches, yeers, and this gray gravity?
Hee satisfie'r with gold, rich cloaths and jewels.

Cric. Wer't not farre fitter urge your sonne *Eugenio*
To woo her for himselfe? *Pan*. *Cricca* be gone.
Touch no more there : I will and must have *Flavia*,
Tell *Lelio*, if he grant th'm his sister *Flavia*;
Hee give my daughter to him in exchange.
Be gone, and finde me here within this halfe houre.

ACT. I. SCENE 3.

Ronca. *Pandolfo*.

Ron. **T**Is well that servant's gone : I shall the easier
Winde up his master to my purposes.

ALBUIMAZAR:

Pan. Sure this some novice of th' Artillery,
That winks and shoots : fir, prime prime your peece a new,
The powder's wet: tick, tock, tick, tock.

Ron. A good ascendent bleſſe me : fir, are you frantick?

Pan. Why frantick? are not knocks the lawfull courſes
To open doores and eares? *Ron.* Of vulgar men and houſes.

Pan. Whoſe lodgings this? is 't not the *Aſtrologers*?

Ron. His lodging? no: tis the learn'd *Phrontiſterion*
Of moſt divine *Albumazar*. *Pan.* Good fir,
If the doore break, a better ſhall redeeme it.

Ron. How! all your land ſold at a hundred yeeres purchaſe
Cannot repaire the damage of one poore rap,
To thunder at the *Phrontiſterion*
Of great *Albumazar*? *Pan.* Why man? what harime?

Ron. Sir, you muſt know my Maſters heavenly brain,
Pregnant with myſteries of Metaphyſicks,
Growes to an *Embryo* of rare contemplation,
Which at full time brought forth, excels by far
The armed fruit of *Vulcans* Midwifry
That leapt from *Jupiters* mighty *Cranium*. *Pan.* What of all this?

Ron. Thus one of your bold thunders may abortive
And cauſe that birth miſcarry, that might have prov'd
An inſtrument of wonders greater and rarer
Then *Apollonius* the Magitian wrought. (you?)

Pan. Are you your Maſters Countriman? *Ron.* Yes: why aſke

Pan. Then muſt I get an Interpreter for your language.

Ron. You need not; with a wind inſtrument my Maſter made,
In five dayes you may breath ten Languages
As perfect as the Devill or himſelfe.

Pan. When may I ſpeak with him?

Ron. When't pleaſe the ſtars.

He puls you not a haire, nor parcs a naile,
Nor ſtirs a foot without due figuring
The Horoſcope: ſit downe awhile and't pleaſe you,
I ſee the Heavens incline to his approach.

Pan. Whats this I pray you?

Ron. An Engine to catch ſtars,

ALBUZAR.

A Mase to arrest such Planets as have lurkt
Foure thousand yeers under protection
Of *Iupiter* and *Sol*. *Pan*. Pray you speak English.

Ron. Sir, tis a perspicill, the best under Heaven:
With this Ile reade a leafe of that small *Iliade*
That in a wall-nut-shell was deskt, as plainly
Twelve long miles off, as you see *Pauls* from *High-gate*.

Pan. Wonderfull workman of so rare an instrument!

Ron. Twill draw the Moon so neer that you would sweare
The bush of thorns in't prick your eyes: the Chrystall
Of a large Arch, multiplies millions,
Works more then by point blank: and by refractions
Optick and strange, searcheth like the eye of truth,
All closets that have windows. Have at *Rome*,
I see the Pope, his Cardinals and his Mule,
The *English* Colledge and the Iesuits,
And what they write and do. *Pan*. Let me see too.

Ron. So far you cannot: for this glasse is fram'd.
For eyes of thirty: you are nigh threescore.
But for some fifty miles twill serve you,
With help of a refractive glasse that's yonder.
For triall sir: where are you now? *Pan*. In *London*.

Ron. Ha you found the glasse within that chamber? *Pan*. Yes.

Ron. What see you?

Pan. Wonders, wonders: I see as in a Land-shappe
An honourable throng of noble persons,
As cleere as I were under the same rooffe:
Seems by their gracious browes, and courteous looks
Something they see, which if it be indifferent
They'l favourably accept: if otherwise
They'l pardon: who or what they be, I know not. (else?)

Ron. Why thats the court at *Cambridge* forty miles hence, what

Pan. A Hall thrust full of bare-heads, some bald, some busht,
Some bravely brancht. *Ron*. Thats the University
Larded with Towns-men. Look you there: what now?

Pan. Who? I see *Dover* Peere, a man now landing
Attended by two Porters that seeme to grone

Under

ALBUMAZAR.

Under the burthen of two loads of paper.

Rom. That's *Coriatus Persicus*, and's observations
Of *Asia* and *Africk*, *Pan.* The price. *Ron.* I dare not sell't.
But here's another of another of a stranger vertue,
The great *Albumazar* by wondrous Art,
In imitation of this *Perspicill*,
Hath fram'd an Instrument that multiplies
Objects of hearing, as this doth of seeing,
That you may know each whisper from *Prester John*
Against the winde, as fresh as 'twere delivered
Through a trunk, or *Glosters* listning wall.

Pan. And may I see't sir? blesse me once more.

Ron. 'Tis something ceremonious: but you shall try't.
Stand thus. What heare you? *Pan.* Nothing. *Ro.* Set your hands
That the vertex of the Orgon may perpendicularly (thus
Point out our Zenith. What heare you now? ha, ha, ha.

Pan. A humming noise of laughter. *Ro.* Why that's the Court
And University, that now are merry
With an old Gentleman in a Comedy. What now?

Pan. Celestiall musick, but it seems far off.
List, list, 'tis neerer now. *Ro.* 'Tis musick 'twixt the Acts. What

Pan. Nothing. *Ron.* And now? (now

Pan. Musick again, and strangely delicate,
O most Angelicall! they sing! *Ron.* And now?

*Sing sweetly that our notes may cause
The heavenly Orbes themselves to pause:*

And at our Musick stand as still

As at Jove's amorous will.

So now release them as before,

Th' have waited long enough, no more.

Pan. 'Tis gone, give me't again. — O do not so.

Ron. What heare you now? *Pan.* No more then a dead Oyster.
O let me see this wondrous instrument.

Ron. Sir, this is call'd an *Otaousticon*. *Pan.* A *Cousticon*?
Why tis a paire of Asses eares, and large ones.

Ron. True: for in such a forme the great *Albumazar*
Hath fram'd it purposely, as fit't receivers

ALBUMAZAR.

Offounds, as spectacles like eyes for sight.
Pan. What Gold will buy't? *Ron.* Ile sell you when tis finisht.
 As yet the Epiglottis is imperfect.

Pan. 'Soone as you can, and here's ten crownes in earnest,
 For when tis done, and I have purchas'd it,
 I meane to entaile it on my heires male for ever,
 Spight of the ruptures of the common Law.

Ron. Nay, rather giv'rt to *Flavia* for her joynture :
 For she that marries you, deserves it richly.

ACT. 1. SCEN. 4.

Cricca, Pandolfo, Ronca.

Cric. Sir, I have spoke with *Lelio*, and he answers.

Pan. Hang *Lelio*, and his answers. Come hither *Cricca*.
 Wonder for me, admire, and be astonish'd,
 Marvaile thy selfe to Marble at these Engines,
 These strange *Gorgonian* instruments. *Cric.* At what?

Pan. At this rare Perspicill and Otacousticon :
 For with these two Ile heare and see all secrets,
 Vndoe intelligencers. Pray let my man see
 What's done in *Rome* ; his eyece are just as yours are.

Ron. Pandolfo, are you mad? be wise and secret :
 See you the steepe danger you are tumbling in?

Know you not that these instruments have power
 To unlocke the hidden'st closets of whole States?
 And you reveale such mysteries to a servant.

Sir be advis'd, or else you learne no more
 Of our unknowne Philosophy.

Pan. Enough.
 What newes from *Lelio*? shall I have his sister?

Cric. He sweares and vowes he never will consent.
 She shall not play with worne Antiquities,
 Nor lye with Snow and Statutes ; and such replies
 That I omit for reverence of your worship.

Pan. Not haue his sister? *Cricca* I will have *Flavia*,
 Maugre his head : by meanes of this Astrologer

ALBUMAZAR.

He enjoy *Flavia*. Are the stars yet inclin'd
To his divine approach? *Ron.* One minute brings him.

Cri. What Strologer? *Pan.* The learned man I told thee,
The high Almanack of *Germany*, an *Indian*
Far beyond *Trebesond* and *Tripoli*,
Close by the Worlds end: a rare Conjuror,
And great Astrologer. His name, pray sir?

Ron. *Albumazarro Meteoroscopico.*

Cri. A name of force to hang him without triall;

Pan. As he excels in Science, so in Title.

He tels of lost plate, horses, and strayd cattell
Directly, as he had stolne them all himselfe.

Cri. Or he, or some of his confederates.

Pan. As thou respects thy life, look to thy tongue.

Albumazar has an *Otaconsticon*.

Be silent, reverent, and admire his skill,
See what a promising countenance appeares:
Stand still and wonder, wonder and stand still.

ACT. I. SCENE 5.

Albumazar, Ronca, Pandolfo, Cricca.

Alb. **R** *Onca*, the bunch of Planets new found out
Hanging at the end of my best Perspicill,
Send them to *Galileo* at *Padua*;
Let him bestow them where he please. But the stars
Lately discovered twixt the horns of *Aries*,
Are as a present for *Pandolfoes* marriage,
And hence stil'd *Sidera Pandolfæa*.

Pan. My marriage *Cricca*! he foresees my marriage:
O most Celestiall *Albumazar*!

Cri. And sends y' a present from the head of *Aries*.

Alb. My Almanack made for the Meridian
And height of *Iapan*, give't th' East Indy Company;
There may they smell the price of Cloves and Pepper,
Monkies and *China-dishes* five yeers ensuing,

And

ALBUMAZAR.

And know the successe of the voyage of *Magores*,
 For in the volume of the Firmament,
 We children of the stars read things to come,
 As clearly as poore mortalls stories past
 In *Speed* or *Hollingshead*. *Ro.* The perpetuall motion

With a true laram in't to run twelve houres
 Fore *Mahomet's* returne. *Alb.* Deliver it safe

To a Turkey Factor, bid him with care present it
 From me to the house of *Ottoman*. *Ro.* I will sir,

Cric. Pray you stand here, and wonder now for me,
 Be astonish't at his *Gorgon*, for I cannot.

Pan. Vpon my life he proves a meere imposture.
 Peace, not a word, be silent and admire.

Alb. As for the issue of the next summers warre,
 Reveale't to none, keepe it to thy selfe in secret,
 As a touch-stone of my skill in prophesie. *Begon.* *Ro.* I go sir.

Alb. Signior *Pandolfo*, I pray you pardon mee,
 Exoticall dispatches of great consequence
 Staid me; and casting the Nativitie
 O'th' *Cham* of *Tartary*, and a private conference
 With a Mercuriall intelligence,

Y'are welcome in a good houre, better minute,
 Best second, happiest third, fourth, fift, and scruple.
 Let the twelve houses of the Horoscope
 Be lodg'd with fortitudes, and fortunates,
 To make you blest in your designes *Pandolfo*.

Pan. Wer't not much trouble to your starry imployments,
 I a poore mortall would intreat your furtherance
 In a terrestriall businesse. *Alb.* My Emphemeris lies,
 Or I foresee your errant : thus 'tis thus.

You had a neighbour cal'd *Antonio*,
 A widdower like your selfe, whose onely daughter,
Flavia you love, and he as much admir'd
 Your Child *Sulpitia*. Is not this right?

Pan. Yes sir : O strange ! *Cricca* admire in silence.

Alb. You two decreed a counter-match betwixt you,
 And purpos'd to truck daughters. Is't not so ?

ALBUZAR.

Pan. Just as you say't. *Cricca* admire and wonder.

Cric. This no such secret: looke to your selfe, he'll cheate you.

Alb. *Antonio* after this match concluded,
Having great summes of gold in *Barbary*,
Desires of you before he consummate
The Rites of Matrimony, he might goe thither,
For three moneths; but as now 'tis three and three
Since he imbarkt, and is not yet return'd.
Now sir your businesse is to me, to know
Whether *Antonio* be dead or living.

Ile tell you instantly. *Pan.* Hast thou reveal'd it?

I told it none but thee. *Cric.* Not I. *Pan.* Why stare you?

Are you not well? *Alb.* I wander 'twixt the Poles

And heavenly hinges, 'mongst excentricalls,
Centers, concentrickes, circles, and epicycles,
To hunt out an aspect fit for your businesse.

Cric. Meane ostentation! for shame awake your selfe.

Alb. And since the Lampe of Heaven is newly entred
Into Cancer, old *Antonio* is starke dead,
Drown'd in the Sea stone dead; for *radius directorius*
In the sixt house; and th' waning Moone by *Capricorne*,
He's dead, he's dead. *Cric.* 'Tis an ill time to marry.
The Moone growes fork't, and walkes with *Capricorne*.

Pan. Peace foole: these words are full of mysterie.

Alb. What ominous face and dismall countenance
Mark't for disasters, hated of all the heavens,
Is this that followes you. *Pan.* He is my servant,
A plaine and honest speaker, but no harme in him.

Cric. What see you in my face?

Alb. Horreur and darknesse, death and gallowfes:
I'de sweare thou wert hang'd, stoodst thou but too foote higher:
But now the Starres threaten a nearer death:
Sir, send to toale his knell. *Pan.* What is he dead?

Alb. He shall be by the dint of many stabs:
Onely I spy a little hope of scaping
Through the clouds, and foule aspects of death,
Cric. Sir, pray give no credit to this cheater.

ALBUMAZAR.

Or with his words of Art he'll make you dote
As much on his feign'd skill, as on faire *Flavia*.

ACT. I. SCENE. 6.

Harpaz. Furbo. Album. Pandolfo. Cricca.

Har. Stay villaine, stay, though safety't selfe defend thee
*S*Thou dyest. *Fur.* Come doe thy worst, thrust sure, or die.
Cric. For heavens sake Gentlemen stay your hands, helpe, helpe,
Helpe *Albumazar.* *Har.* Thus to the hinderer
Of my revenge. *Cric.* Save me *Albumazar.*
Furb. And thus, and thus, and thus. *Cric.* Master, I dye, I dye.
Harp. Fliest thou base coward? 'tis not thy heels can save thee.

ACT. I. SCENE. 7.

Album. Pand. Cric.

Cric. (am dead.
O H, oh! *Pan.* What ailes thee *Cricca?* *Cri.* I am dead, I
Trouble your self no more. *Pan.* What dead & speak'st?
Cric. Onely there's left a litle breath to tell you.
Pan. Why where art hurt? *Cric.* Stab'd with a thousand daggers.
My heart, my lights, my liver, and my skinne
Pierst like a sieve. *Pan.* Here's not a wound, stand up,
'Tis but thy feare. *Cric.* 'Tis but one wound all over:
Softly, oh softly: you have lost the truest servant. Farewell I die.
Alb. Live by my courtesie, stand up and breath.
The dangerous and malignant influence is past:
But thanke my charity that put by the blowes.
The least of which threatned a dozen graves.
Now learne to scoffe divine Astrology,
And flight her servants. *Cri.* A Surgion, good sir, a Surgeon.
Pan. Th'art well, th'art well. *Cric.* Now I perceive I am:
I pray you pardon me Divine Astrologer.

ALBUMAZAR.

Alb. I doe, but hence-forth laugh at Astrology,
And call her servants Cheaters.

Pan. Now to our businesse: on good *Albumazar*,

Albu. Now since the moone passeth from Capricorne,
Through Aquarius to the watry signe of Pisces,
Antonio's drownd, and is devour'd by fishes.

Pan. Is't certaine? *Alb.* Certaine. *Pan.* Then let my earnestnes
Intreat your skill a favour. *Alb.* It shall, but first

I'll tell you what you meane to aske me. *Pan.* Strange!

Alb. *Antonio* dead that promised you his daughter,
Your businesse is to entreat me raise his Ghost,
And force it stay at home till it have perform'd
The promise past, and so returne to rest.

Pan. That, that, y' have hit it, most divine *Albumazar*.

Alb. Tis a hard thing; for *de privatione ad habitũ non datur re-*
O what a businesse! what a Master piece *(gressus:*

Tis to raise up his Ghost whose body's eaten
By fish. This worke desires a planetary intelligence
Of *Jupiter* and *Sol*, and these great Spirits
Are proud, phantasticall: It askes much charges,
To entice them from the guiding of their Spheares *(no cost.*
To waite on mortalls. *Pan.* So I may have my purpose, spare for

Alb. Sir, spare your purse, Ile do it an easier way;
The worke shall cost you nothing.

We have an Art is cald *Prestigiatory*,
That deales with spirits and intelligences
Of meaner, office and condition,
Whose service craves small charges: with one of these
Ile change some servant or good friend of yours
To the perfect shape of this *Antonio*:

So like in face, behaviour, speech, and action,
That all the Towne shall swear *Antonio* lives.

Pan. Most necromanticall Astrologer,
Doe this, and take me for your servant ever.
And for your paines, after the transformation
This chaine is yours, it cost two hundred pound,

Beside the Jewel. *Al.* After the worke is finish't, then how now?
What

ALBUMAZAR.

What lines are these that looke sanguineous?

As if the stars conjur'd to do you mischiefe?

Pan. How? mean you me? *Alb.* They're dusky marks of *Saturne*,
It seems some stone shall fall upon your head,
Threatning a fracture of the *Pericranium*.

Pan. *Cricca*, come hither, fetch me my staffe again,
Threescore and ten's return'd: A generall Pallie
Shakes out the love of *Flavia* with a feare.

Is there no remedy? *Alb.* Nothing but patience.

The Planet threatens so, whose prey you are.

The Stars and Planets daily war together.

For should they stand at truce but one halfe houre

This wondrous Machin of the world would ruine.

Who can withstand their powerfull influence?

Pan. You with your wisdome, good *Albumazar*.

Alb. Indeed th' *Egyptian* *Ptolomy* the wise,

Pronounc't it as an Oracle of truth; *Sapiens dominabitur astris*.

Who's above there? *Ronca* bring down the cap

Made in the point of *Mercury* being ascendent:

Here put it on, and in your hand this Image,

Fram'd on a Tuesday when the fierce of warre

Mounted th' Horizon in the signe of *Arries*.

With these walke as unwounded as *Achilles*,

Dipt by his mother *Thetis*. *Pan.* You bind me to your service.

Alb. Next get the man you purpose to transforme,

And meet me here. *Pan.* I will not fail to finde you.

Alb. Mean while with *Sciofericall* instrument,

By way of *Azimuth* and *Almicantarath*

Ile seek some happy point in Heven for you.

Pan. I rest your servant sir. *Al.* Let all the Stars

Guide you with most propitious influence.

ACT. I. SCENE 8.

Pandolfo. Cricca.

Pan. **H**ere's a strange man indeed, of skill profound?
How right he knew my busines, fore he saw me?

And

ALBUIMAZAR.

And how thou skofst him when we talkt in private.
Tis a brave instrument his Otacousticon.

Cric. In earnest sir, I tooke him for a cheater :
As many, under name of cunning men,
With promise of Astrology, much abuse
The gaping vulgar, wronging that sacred skill,
That in the starres reads all our actions.

Pan. Is there no Archers o're our heads? look *Cricca*.

Cric. None but the Arch of heaven, that cannot fall.

Pan. Is not that made of Marble? I have read
A stone dropt from the Moone; and much I feare
The fit should take her now, and voyd another.

Cric. Feare nothing sir, this charmed *Mercuriall* cup
Shields from the fall of mountaines: 'tis not a stone
Can checke his Art, walke boldly.

Pan. I doe, let's in.

Finis Act. 1.

Act. 2. Scæne 1.

Trincalo, Armellina.

Trincalo.

HE that saith I am not in love, he lyes *De cap a pe*; For I am
idle, choicely neate in my cloathes, valiant, and extreame
witty: My meditations are loaded with metaphors, and
songs sonnets: Not a one shakes his tayle, but I sigh out a
passion: thus doe I to my Mistris; but alas I kisse the dogge, and
she kicks me. I never see a young wanton Filly, but say I, there
goes *Armellina*; nor a lusty strong Affe, but I remember my selfe,
and sit downe to consider what a goodly race of Mules would in-
herit, if she were willing: onely I want utterance, and that's a
maine marke of love too.

Arm. Trincalo, Trincalo.

Trinc. O'tis *Armellina*: now if she have the wit to beginne, as
I meane she should, then will I confound her with complements
drawne

drawn from the Playes I see at the Fortune, and Red Bull, where I learn all the words I spake and understand not.

Arm. *Trincalo*, what price bears Wheat, and Saffron, that your band's so stiffe and yellow? not a word? why *Trincalo*! what businesse in Town? how do all at Totnam? grown mute? What do you bring from the Country?

Trin. There'tis. Now are my floud-gates drawn, and Ile surround her. What have I brought sweet bit of beauty? a hundred thousand salutations o'th'elder house to your most illustrious Honour and Worship.

Arm. To methese Titles? is your basket full of nothing else?

Trin. Full of the fruits of love, most resplendant Lady; a present to your worthinesse from your Worships poore vassall *Trincalo*.

Arm. My life on't, he scrap't these complements from his Cart the last load hee carried for the Progresse. What ha you read that may you grow so eloquent?

Trin. Sweet Madam, I read nothing but the lines of your Ladships countenance, and desire onely to kisse the skirts of your garments, if you vouchsafe mee not the happinesse of your white hands.

Arm. Come, gives your basket and take it.

Tri. O sweet! now will I never wash my mouth after, nor breath, but at my nostrils, lest I lose the taste of her fingers. *Armellina*, I must tell you a secret if you'le make much on't.

Arm. As it deserves: what is't?

Trin. I love you, dear morsell of modesty, I love: and so truly, that Ile make you Mistris of my thoughts, Lady of my revewes, and commit all my moveables into your hands, that is, I give you an earnest kisse in the high way of Matrimony.

Arm. This is the end of all this businesse?

Trin. Is this the end of all this businesse, most beautifull, and most worthy to be most beautifull Lady.

Arm. Hence foole, hence.

Trin. Why now she knows my meaning, let it work: She put up the fruit in her lap, and threw away the basket: 'Tis a plaine signe, she abhors the words, and embraces the meaning; O lips, no lips, but leaves besmeared with mel-dew! O dew, no dew, but

ALBUMAZAR.

drops of Hony combs ! O combs no combs, but fountains full of
teares ! O teares no teares, but —

ACT. 2. SCENE 2.

Pandolfo. Trincalo.

Pan. Ricca denyes me: no perswasions.

Proffers, rewards, can work him to transform.
Yonder's my Country Farmer *Trincalo*.
Never in fitter time good *Trincalo*.

Tri. Like a lean horse t' a fresh and lusty pasture.

Pan. What rent dost pay me for thy Farm at *Totnam*?

Tri. Ten pound; and find't too deare a peny-worth.

Pan. My hand here: take it rent-free for three lives,
To serve me in a bu'nesse I'll employ thee.

Tri. Serve you? He serve, reserve, conserve, preserve.
Deserve you for th' one halfe, O *Armellina*,
A joynture, hay a joynture ! what's your employment?

Pan. Heres an Astrologer has a wondrous secret
To transforme men to other shapes, and persons.

Trin. How? transform things to men? He bring nine Taylors
Refus'd last Muster, shall give five Marks a piece
To shape three men of service out of all,
And grant him the remnant shreds above the bargain.

Pan. Now if thou'lt let him change thee, take this lease;
Drawn ready; put what lives thou pleasest. *Tri.* Stay, Sir.
Say I am transformd; who shall enjoy the lease?
I? or the person I must turn to. *Pan.* Thou,
Thou, The resemblance lasts but one whole day:
Then home true Farmer, as thou wert before.

Trin. Where shall poor *Trincalo* be? how's this transformd?
Transmuted? how? not I: I love my self
Better then so: theres no lease. I do not venter
For the whole fee-simple. *Pan.* Tell me the difference
Betwixt a fool and a wise man.

As

As twixt your Worship and my self. *Pan.* A wise man.
 Accepts all fair occasions of advancement,
 Flyes no commodity for feares of danger,
 Venter and gains, lives easily, drinks good wine,
 Fares neatly, 's richly cloath'd in worthiest company,
 While your poor Fool and Clown, for fear of perill,
 Sweats hourly for a dry brown crust to bedward,
 And wakes all night for want of moylsture. *Trin.* Well, sir,
 I'de rather starve in this my loved Image,
 Then hazard thus my life, for others looks.
 Change is a kinde of death, I dare not try it.

Pan. 'Tis not so dangerous as thou tak'st it, wee'l only
 Alter thy count'nance for a day. Imagine,
 Thy face mask't only : or that thou dream'st all night
 Thou wer't apparell'd in *Antonio's* form
 And waking find'st thy self true *Trincalo*.

Trin. *Antonio's* forme? was not *Antonio* a Gentleman?

Pan. Yes, and a neighbour, that's his house. *Trin.* O ho
 Now do I smell th'Astrologers trick: hee'l steep me
 In souldiers bloud; or boyle me in a Caldron
 Of Barbarous Law French : Or anoint me over
 With supply oile of great mens services.
 For these three means raise Yeomen to the Gentry.
 Pardon me sir: I hate those medicines. Fy!
 All my posterity will smell and tast on't
 Long as the house of *Trincalo* endures.

Pan. There's no such businesse, thou shalt only seem so
 And this deceive *Antonio's* family.

Trin. Are you assur'd? 'twould grieve me to be brayed
 In a huge mortar, wrought to paste, and moulded
 To this *Antonios* mould : Grant I be turnd : what then?

Pan. Enter his house, be reverenc'd by his servants,
 And give his daughter *Flavia* to me in marriage.
 The circumstances ile instruct thee after.

Trin. Pray give me leave: this side sayes do't, this do not,
 Before I leave you *Tom Trincalo* take my counsell.
 Thy Mistris *Armellina* is *Antonios* maid,

ALBUMAZAR.

And thou in his shape mayst possesse her. Turn.
 But if I be *Antonio*, then *Antonio*
 Enjoies that happinesse, not *Trincalo*.
 A pretty trick to make my selfe a Cuckold.
 No, no; there, take your Lease. Ile hang first. Soft,
 Be not so cholerick *Thomas*: If I become *Antonio*,
 Then all his riches follow. This fair occasion,
 Once vanish't, hope not the like; of a stark Clown
 I shall appeare speck and span Gentleman.
 A pox of Ploughs, and Carts, and Whips and Horses.
 Then *Armellina* shall be given to *Trincalo*,
 Three hundred Crowns her portion: wee'le get a boy
 And call him *Transformation Trincalo*,
 Ile do't, sir. *Pan.* Art resolv'd? *Tri.* Resolv'd tis done:
 With this condition: after I have given your Worship
 My daughter *Flavia*, you shall then move my Worship
 And much intreat me to bestow my Maid
 Upon my selfe, I should say *Trincalo*.

Pan. Content, and for thy sake will make her portion
 Two hundred Crowns. *Trin.* Now are you much deceiv'd:
 I never meant it. *Pan.* How? *Tri.* I did but jest.
 And yet my hand, Ile do't. For I am mutable,
 And therefore apt to change: Come, come sir, quickly,
 Lets to th' Astrologer, and there transforme,
 Reform, conform, deform me at your pleasure.
 I loath this Country countenance; dispatch: my skin
 Itches like Snaks in Aprill, to be stript off.
 Quickly, O quickly, as you love *Flavia*, quickly.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 3.

Albumazar. Pandolfo. Ronca. Trinc.

Alb. Signior *Pandolfo*, y' arrive in happiest houre.
 If the seven Planets were your necest kindred,
 And all the Constellations your allies:
 Were the twelve houses, and the Innes o'th' Zodiack.

Your

Your own fee-simple; they could never have chosen
A fitter place to favour your desires.
For the great Luminaries look from Hilech,
And midst of Heaven in Angels, conjunctions,
And fortunate aspects, a Trine and Sextile,
Ready to powre propitious influences.

Pan. Thanks to your power, and court'sie that so plac'd them.
That is the man that's ready for the businesse.

Alb. Of a most happy count'nance, and timber fit
To square to th' Gentry: his looks as apt for changing,
As he were cov' red with Camelions skins.

Trin. Except my hands; and 'twill be troublesome
To fit these fingers to *Antonio's* gloves.

Pan. Pray let's about the work as soon as may be,

Alb. First choose a large low room, whose door's full East,
Or neer inclining: for th' Orientall quarter's
Most bountifull of favours. *Pan.* I have a parler
Of a great square and height, as you desire it.

Alb. Southward must look a wide and spacious window:
For howsoever *Omar*, *Alchabitius*,
Hali, *Albenexra*, seem something to dissent:
Yet *Zoroastres*, sonne of *Oromasus*,
Hiarcha, *Brachman*, *Thespion*, *Gymnosophist*,
Gebir, and *Budda Babylonicus*,
With all the subtile *Cabalists* and *Chaldees*.
Swear the best influence: for our *Metamorphosis*
Stoops from the South, or as some say, South-east.

Pan. This room's, as fit as you had made it of purpose.

Tri. Now do I feel the calf of my right leg
Tingle, and dwindle to th' smalnesse of a bed-staffe.
Such a speech more turns my high shooes strait boots.

Ron. Nere were those Authors cited to better purpose,
For through that window all *Pandolfoes* treasures
Must take their flight and fall upon my shoulders.

Alb. Now if this light Meridionall had a large casement
That over-look't some unfrequented alley,
Twere much more proper for th' *Intelligences*.

ALBUMAZAR.

Are nice and coy, scorning to mixe their essence
With throng'd disturbance of crosse multitudes.

Ron. Spoken by art *Albumazar*, a provident setter,
For so shall we receive what thou handst out
Free from from discovery. But in my conscience
All windows point full South for such a businesse.

Pan. Go to my house, satisfie your curious choice,
But credit me, this parler's fit, it neighbours
To a blind alley, that in busiest Term-time
Feels not the footing of one passenger :

Alb. Now then declining from *Theourgia*,
Artenosaria, *Pharmacia*, rejecting
Necro-puro-geo-hydro-cheiro-coscinomancy,
With other vain and superstitious Sciences,
Wee'l anchor at the art Prestigiatory,
That represents one figure for another,
With smooth deceit abusing th'eyes of mortals.

Tri. O my right arme! 'tis alter'd, and me thinks
Longs for a sword : these words have slain a Plow-man.

Alb. And since the Moon's the only Planet changing:
For from the *Neomenia* in seven dayes
To the *Dicotima*, in seven more to th' *Panselinum*,
And in as mnch from *Plenilunium*
Thorow *Dicotima* to *Neomenia*,
'Tis she must help us in this operation.

Tri. What Towns are these? the strangenesse of these names,
Hath scal'd the marks of many a painfull harvest,
And made my new pil'd finger itch for dice.

Pan. Deeply considred wondrous *Albumazar*:
O let me kisse those lips that flow with science,

Alb. For by her various looks she intimates
To understanding soules, that onely she
Hath power t'effect a true formation.
Cause then your parler to be kept carefully,
Washt, rubb'd, perfum'd, hang'd round from top to bottome
With pure white lunary Tapstry, or needle-work;
But if 'twere cloth of silver, 'twere much better.

Ron.

ALBUZAR.

Ron. Good good! a rich beginning: good! what's next?

Alb. Spread all the floore with finest holland sheets,
And over them faire damaske Table-cloaths,
Above all these draw me chaste Virgins aprons
The room, the work, and workman must be pure.

Trin. With Virgins aprons? the whole compasse of this City
Can not afford a dozen. *Ron.* So, there's shirts
And bands to furnish all on's for a twelve-moneth.

Alb. An altar in the midst, loaded with platters
Of silver Basons; Yewres, Cups, Candlesticks,
Flaggons and Beakers, Salts, Chargers, Casting-bottles.
Twere not amisse to mix some bowles of gold,
So they be massie; the better to resemble
The lovely brother-hood of *Sol* and *Luna*.
Also some Diamonds for *Iupiter*.
For by the whitenesse and bright sparkling lustres
We allure th' Intelligences to descend.

Ron. *Furbo* and I are those Intelligences
That must attend upon the Magistery.

Alb. Now for the ceremonious Sacrifice,
Provide such creatures as the Moon delights in,
Two sucking Lambs, white as the Alpine snow:
Yet if they have a mole or two, twill passe.
The Moon her self wants not her pots. *Pan.* Tis true.

Ron. Were they hel-black, we'd e make a shift to eat them.

Alb. White Capons, Pheasants, Pigeons: one little Black-bird
Would stain and spoyle the work. Get severall Wines
To quench the holy embers: Rhenish, Greek wine,
White Muscadell, Sherry, and rich Canary,
So't be not grown too yellow: for the quicker,
Brisker, and older, the better for these ceremonies.
The more abundance, sooner shall we finish.
For 'tis our rule in such like businesses,
Who spares most, spends most: either this must doo't,
Or th' resolution of five hundred yeers
Cannot: so fit are all the Heavens to help us.

Ron. A thousand thanks, thou'lt make a compleat cheat.

Thus

ALBUMAZAR.

Thus loaded with this treasure, cheer'd with wine,
Strengthened with meat: wee'l carry thee in triumph,
As the great Generall of our atchievement.

Pan. Sir, for rich plate and jewels I have store,
But know not how to furnish you with hangings.

Alb. Cannot you borrow from the shops? foure houres
Shall render all as fair as you receiv'd it.

Pan. That can I easily do. *Alb.* And here you sit
If you chance meet with boxes of white Comfits,
Marchpane, and dry Sucket, Macarouns and Diet-bread,
'Twill help on well. *Ronc.* To furnish out our Banquet.

Alb. I had cleane forgot, we must have Amber-greece,
The grayest can be found, some dozen ounces,
He use but halfe a dram: but tis our fashion
T'offer a little from a greater lumpe.

Pan. All shall be done with expedition.

Alb. And when your man's transform'd the chain you promis'd,

Pan. My hand: my deeds shall wait upon my promise:

Alb. Lead then with happy foot to view the chamber.

Pan. I go sir, *Trincalo* attend us here,
And not a word on perill of thy life.

Trin. Sir, if they kill me He not stir a foot,
And if my tongue's puld out, not speak a word.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 4.

Trincalo. Cricca.

Trin. **O** What a businesse 'tis to be transform'd!
My master talks of four and twenty houres,
But if I misse these Flags of Yeomanry,
Guild in the seat, and shine in the bloom of Gentry;
Tis not their Strologie, nor Sacrifice,
Shall force me cast that coat. He never part with't
Till I be Shrieve of th' County, and in commission
Of Peace and *Quorum*. Then will I get m'a Clarke,
A practiz'd fellow, wiser then my Worship.

And

ALBUIMAZAR.

And dominere amongst my fearefull neighbours,
And feast them bountifully with their own bribes. *Cri. Trincalo!*

Tri. 'Tweare a gold chaine at every quarter Sessions,
Looke big, and grave, and speak not one wise word. *Cri Trincalo!*

Tri Examine wenches got with child, and curiously
Search all the circumstances : have blank *Mittimusses*
Printed in readinesse; breath nought but Sirra,
Rogue, ha? how? hum? Constable looke to your charge.

Then vouch a Statute and a Latine Sentence,
Wide from the matter. *Cri. Trincalo. Tri.* Licence all Alehouses,
Match my Son *Transformation* t'a Knights daughter,
And buy a bouncing Pedigree of a welch Herald : and then----

Cri. What in such serious meditations?

Tri. Faith no ; but building Castles in the Ayre,
While th' weathers fit : O *Cricca* , such a businesse !

Cri. What is't ? *Tri.* Nay soft, th'are secrets to my master ;
Lock'd in my brest : he has the key at's purse strings.

Cri. My masters secret? keep it good Farmer, keep it,
I would not lend an eare to't if thou didst hire me. Fare-well.

Tri. O how it boyles and swels : if I keep't longer,
'Twill grow t' impostume in my brest, and choake me, *Cricca.*

Cri. Adieu good *Trincalo*, the secrets of our betters
Are dangerous, I dare not know't. *Tri.* But hear'st thou,
Say I should tell, canst keep't as close as I doe?

Cri. Yes : but I had rather want it. Adieu. *Tri. Albumazar.*

Cri. Fare-well. *Tri. Albumazar. Cri.* Pre'thee *Tr. Albumazar,*
Th' Astrologer hath undertooke to change me
T' *Antonio's* shape : this done, must I give *Flavia*
To my old master, and his maid to *Trincalo.*

Cri. But where's *Pandolfo* and *Albumazar*?

Tri. Gone newly home to choose a chamber fitting
For transmutation : So now my heart's at ease.

Cri. I feare the skill and cunning of *Albumazar*
With his black Art, by whom *Pandolfo* seekes
To compasse *Flavia*, spight of her brother *Lelio*,
And his owne Son *Eugenio* that loves her dearly,
I le loose no time, but finde them and reveale

ALBUMAZAR.

The plot and work to crosse this accident.
But *Trincalo*, art thou so rash and ventrous
To be transform'd with hazard of thy life?

Trin. What care I for a life, that have a Lease
For three : But I am certain there's no danger in't.

Cric. No danger, cut thy finger and that pains thee ;
Then what wilt do to shred and mince thy carkass,
Bury't in horse-dung, mould it new, and turn it
T' *Antonio* : and when th'art chang'd, if *Lelio*
Smell out your plot, what words of punishment
Thou must endure, poore *Trincalo* ! the desire
Of gains abuses thee : be not transform'd.

Trin. *Cricca*, thou understandest not : for *Antonio*
Whom I resemble, suffers all : not I.

Cri. Yonder they come, ile hence and haste to *Lelio*.

ACT. 2. SCENE 5.

Albumazar. Pandolfo. Cricca.

Alb. **T**He Chamber's fit : provide the plate and hangings ;
And other necessaries : give strict order
The Roome be cleans'd, perfum'd and hangd, mean while,
With Astralobe, and Meteoroscope,
Ile finde the Cuspe and Alfridaria,
And know what Planet is in Cazimi.

Pan. All shall be ready sir, as you command it.

Trin. Doctor *Albumazar*, I have a vein of drinking,
And artery of Leachery runs through my body :
Pray when you turn me Gentleman, preserve
Those two, if't may be done with Reputation.

Alb. Feare not, ile only call the first, good fellowship,
And th'other, civill Recreation.

Tri. And when you come to th'heart, spoile not the love of *Ar-*
And in my brain leave as much Discretion (mellina
As may spy falshood in a Tavern reckoning ;
And let me alone for Bounty to wink and pay't.

And

ALBUIMAZAR.

And if you change me perfectly,
Ile bring y'a dozen Knights for customers.

Alb. I warrant thee: sir, are you well instructed
In all these necessaries? *Pan.* Th'are in my Table-book.

Alb. Forget not clothes for th' new transform'd, and robes
For me to sacrifice: you know the fashion.
Ile rather change five, then apparell one:

For men have living soules, clothes are unanimate.

Pan. Here take this Ring, deliver it to my brother,
An Officer in the Wardrobe, hee'l furnish you
With Robes and Clothes of any stuffe or fashion.

Alb. *Almuten Alchochoden* of the stars attend you.

Pan. I kisse your hands divine Astrologer.

ACT. 2. SCENE 6.

Pandolfo, Trincalo.

Pan. **V**P quickly *Trincalo* to my child *Sulpitia*,
Bid her lay out my fairest Damaske Table-clothes,
The fairest Holland sheets, all the silver Plate
Two Gossips cups of gold: my greatest Diamonds:
Make haste. *Trin.* As fast as *Alchochoden* and *Almuten*
Can carry me: for sure these two are Devils.

Pan. This is that blessed day I so much long'd for:
Foure houres attendance, till my man be chang'd,
Fast locks me in the lovely armes of *Flavia*. Away *Trincalo*,
How slow the day slides on! When we desire
Times haste, it seems to lose a match with Lobsters,
And when we wish him stay, he imps his wings
With feathers plum'd with thought. Why *Trincalo*!

Trin. Here sir. *Pan.* Come let's away for cloth of silver,
Wine and materials for the Sacrifice.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 7.

Lelio, Eugenio, Critica.

Le. Eugenio, these words are wonders past belief.

A L B U M A Z A R.

Is your old Father of so poore a judgement
To think it in the power of man to turn
One person to another. *Eug. Lelio*, his desire

T'enjoy your sister *Flavia*, begets hope,
Which like a waking dream, makes false appearance
Lively as truth it selfe. *Le.* But who's the man

That works these miracles? *Eug.* An Astrologer.

Le. How deals Astrologie with transmutation?

Cri. Under the vaile and colour of Astrologie,
He clouds his hellish skill in Necromancy.
Believe it, by some Art, or false imposture,
Hee'l much disturbe your love, and yours, *Eugenio.*

Le. *Eugenio*, tis high time for t' awake.
And as you love our *Flavia*, and I

Your sister faire *Sulpitia*; let's do something
Worthy their beauties. Who fals into a Sea

Swolne big with tempest, but he boldly beares
The waves with arms and legs, to save his Life.

So let us strive 'gainst troublous storms of Love,
With our best power, lest after we ascribe

The losse to our dull negligence, not Fortune.

Eug. Lelio, had I no interest in your sister,
The holy League of friendship should command me,

Besides the seconding *Sulpitia's* love,
Who to your noblenesse commends her life.

Le. She cannot out-love me, nor you out-friend me,
For th' sacred name wherof, I have rejected

Your fathers offers, importunities,
Letters, Conditions, Servants, Friends, and lastly

He's tender of *Sulpitia* in Exchange
For *Flavia*. But though I love your sister

Like mine own soule; yet did the Laws of Friendship
Master that strong affection; and denied him.

Eug. Thanks ever, and as long shall my best service
Wait on your will. *Cricca* our hope's in thee,

Thou must instruct us. *Cri.* You must trust in Fortune
That makes or mars the wisest purposes.

Le.

ALBUMAZAR.

Le. What sayst? what thinkst? *Cri.* Here's no great need of
Not speech; the oile of Scorpions cures their poyson. (thinking
The thing it selfe that's bent to hurt and hinder you
Offers a remedy: tis no sooner known
But th'worst on't is prevented. *Eug.* How good *Cricca*?

Cri. Soon as you see this false *Antonio*
Come neere your dores with speeches made of purpose,
Full of humility and compassion:
With long narrations how he scapt't from shipwrack
And other fained inventions of his dangers:
Bid him be gone; and if he presse to enter,
Feare not the reverence of your fathers looks,
Cudgell him thence. *Le.* But were't not better *Cricca*
Keep him fast lockt, till his own shape return,
And so by open course of Law correct him.

Cri. No. For my master would conceive that counsell
Sprung from my brains: and so should I repent it,
Advise no more, but home and charge your people,
That if *Antonio* come, they drive him thence
With threatning words, and blows if need be. *Lel.* 'Tis done.
I kisse your hands *Eugenio.* *Eug.* Your servant sir.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 8.

Eugenio. Cricca. Flavia.

Eug. **C***ricca* commend my service to my Mistris.
Cri. Commend it t'her your self. Mark't you not while
We talk't, how through the window she attended,
And fed her eyes on you? there she's. *Eug.* 'True.
And as from nights of Storms the glorious Sun
Breaks from the East, and chaseth thence the Clouds,
That choakt the Ayre with horreur, so her beauty
Dispels sad darknesse from my troubled thoughts,
And cleers my heart. *Fla.* Life of my soule well met.

Eug. How is't my dearest *Flavia*? *Fla. Eugenio.*
As best becomes a woman, most unfortunate:

ALBUMAZAR,

That having lov'd so long, and been perswaded
Her chaste affection was by yours required.
Have by delayes been famili'd. Had I conceal'd
Those flames your vertue kindled, then y' had sued,
Intreated, sworne, and vow'd, and long ere this
Wrought all means possible to effect our marriage.
But now. *Eug.* Sweet soule despaire not, weep not thus,
Unlesse you with my heart should life-blood drop,
Fast as your eyes do teares. What is't you feare?

Fla. First, that you love me not. *Eug.* Not love my *Flavia*?
Wrong not your judgement: rip up this amorous brest
And in that Temple see a heart that burnes
I'th' Vestall sacrifice of chastest love,
Before your beauties Deitie. *Fla.* If so,
Whence grows this coldness in soliciting
My brother to the match? *Eug.* Consider sweetest,
I have a father Rivall in my love;
And though no duty, reverence, nor respect
Have power to change my thoughts: yet tis not comely
With open violence to withstand his will;
But by faire courses try to divert his minde
From disproportioned affections.
And if I cannot, then nor feare of anger,
Nor life, nor lands, shall crosse our purposes.
Comfort your selfe sweet *Flavia*: for your brother
Seconds our hopes with his best services.

Fla. But other feares oppresse me: me thinks I see
Antonio my old father, new return'd,
Whom all intelligence have drown'd this three moneths,
Enforcing me to marry the foole *Pandolfo*,
Thus to obtain *Sulpitia* for himselfe,
And so last night I dream'd, and ever since
Have been so scar'd, that if you haste not (we most desire,
Expect my death. *Eug.* Dreams flow from thoughts of things
Or feare, and seldome prove true Prophets, would they did.
Then were I now in full possession
Of my best *Flavia*: as I hope I shall be.

Cric.

ALBUZAR.

Cri. Sir, pray take your leave: this to no end,
 'Twill but increase your griefe and hers. *Eng.* Farewell,
 Sweet *Flavia*, rest contented with assurance
 Of my best love and service. *Fla.* Farewell, *Eugenio*.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 9.

Salpitia. Flavia.

Sul. **F** *Flavia* I kisse your hands.

Fla. *Sulpitia*, I pray you pardon me, I saw you not.

Sul. Ifaith you have some fixt thoughts draw your eyes inward
 when you see not your friends before you.

Fla. True, and I think the same that trouble you.

Sul. Then 'tis the love of a yong Gentleman, and bitter hatred
 of an old Dotard.

Fla. 'Tis so, witnesse your brother *Eugenio*, and the rotten car-
 kase of *Pandolfo*. Had I a hundred hearts, I should want roome
 to entertain his love, and the other's hate.

Sul. I could say as much, were't not sinne to slander the dead.
 Miserable wenches, how have we offended our fathers, that they
 should make us the price of their dotage, the medicines of their
 griefs, that have more need of Physick our selves? I must be frost-
 bitten with the cold of your Dads Winter, that mine may thaw
 his old Ice with the Spring of your sixteen. I thank my dead mo-
 ther that left me a womans will in her last Testament: That's all
 the weapons wee poore Girles can use, and with that will I fight
 'gainst father, friends, and kindred, and either enjoy *Lelio*, or
 die in the field in's quarrell.

Fla. *Sulpitia*, you are happy that can withstand your fortune
 with so merry a resolution.

Sul. Why? should I twine mine armes to cables, and figh my
 soule to ayre? Sit up all night like a Watching Candle, and di-
 still my brains through my eye-lids? your brother loves mee, and
 I love your brother; and where these two consent, I would faine
 see a third could hinder us.

Fla.

Fla. Alas, our Sex is most wretched, must up from infancy in continuall slavery. No sooner able to pray for our selves, but they brayle and hnd us so with fowre awe of parents, that we dare not offer to bate at our desires. And whereas it becomes men to vent their amorous passions at their pleasure; wee poore soules must take up our affections in the ashes of a burnt heart, not daring to sigh, without excuse of the spleen, or fit of the mother.

Sul. I plainly will professe my love of *Lelio*, tis honest, chaste, and stains not modesty. Shall I be married to *Antonio*, that hath been a soust Sea-fish, this three moneths! and if he be alive comes home with as many impaire, as a Hunting Gelding sal'ne Pack-horse. No, no, He see him freeze to Christall first. In other things, good father, I am your most obedient daughter, but in this a pure woman. Tis your part to offer, mine to refuse if I like not. *Lelio's* a handsome Gentleman, yong, fresh, rich, and well fashioned, and him will *Sulpitia* have, or die a maid: And ifaith, the temper of my bloud tels mee I was never borne to so cold a misfortune. Fie *Flavia*, fie wench, no more with teares and sighs; cheere up, *Eugenio* to my knowledge loves you, and you shall have him: I say you shall have him.

Fla. I doubt not of his love, but know no means how he dares worke against so great a Rivall: your father in a spleene may disinherit him.

Sul. And give't to whom? has none bnt him and mee: What though he dote awhile upon your beauty; hee will not prove unnaturall to his sonne. Go to your chamber: my Genius whispers in my eare, and sweares this night we shall enjoy our loves, and with that hope farewell. *Fla.* Farewell *Sulpitia*.

Finis Act. 2.

Act. 3. Scene I.

Pandolfo. Cricca.

Pan. **V**VHile the Astrologer hews out *Trincalo*,
Squaring and framing him t' *Antonio*,
Cricca Ile make thee partner of a thought

That

ALBUMAZAR.

That something trouble me. *Cri.* Say sir, what is't?

Pan. I have no heart to give *Albumazar*
The chain I promist him. *Cri.* Deliver it me
And Ile present it to him in your name.

Pan. 'Thas been an Aireloom to our house foure hundred yeers,
And should I leave it now, I feare good fortune
Would flie from us, and follow it. *Cri.* Then give him
The price in gold. *Pan.* It comes to a hundred pounds.
And how would that well husbanded grow in time?
I was a foole to promise, I confesse it,
I was too hot and forward in the businesse.

Cri. Indeed I wondred that your wary thriftinesse
Not wont to drop one peny in a quarter
Idly, would part with such a summe so easily.

Pan. My covetous thrift aymes at no other marke
Then in fit time and place to shew my bounty.
Who gives continually, may want at length
Wherewith to feed his liberality.

But for the love of my deare *Flavia*
I would not spare my life, much lesse my treasure.
Yet if with honour I can winne her cheaper,
Why should I cast away so great summe?

Cri. True: I have a trick now hatching in my brain
How you may handsomely preserve your credit,
And save the chain. *Pan.* I would gladly do it,
But feare he understands us what we say.

Cri. What can you lose to try't, if it take (good *Cricca*?
There's so much sav'd, if otherwise, nothing lost. *Pan.* What is't

Cri. Soon as *Albumazar* comes, loaded with news
Of th' transmutation of your servant *Trincalo*,
Ile entertain him here meanwhile steal you
Closely into the Room, and quickly hide
Some speciall piece of Plate: Then run out amaz'd,
Roaring, that all the Street may know y'are rob'd.
Next threaten to attach him and accuse him
Before a Iustice, and in th'end agree
If he restore the Plate, you'le give the Chain,

ALBUMAZAR.

Otherwise not. *Pan.* But if we be discov' red !
 For by his Instruments and Familiars
 He can do much. *Cri.* Lay all the fault on *Trincalo*.
 But here's the mayn point. If you can dissemble
 Cunningly, and frame your countenance to expresse
 Pitty and anger, that so learn'd a man
 Should use his friend so basely : if you can call
 An out-cry well, roare high and terrible.

Pan. Ile fetch a cry from th' bottome of my heels
 But Ile roare loud enough ; and thou must second me
 With wonder at the sudden accident.

Cri. But yours is the mayn part, for as you play't
 You win or lose the chain. *Pan.* No more, no more, he comes.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 2.

Albumazar, Pandolfo, Cricca..

Alb. **S**Ignior *Pandolfo*, three quarters of an houre
 Renders your servant perfectly transform'd.

Cri. Is he not wholly chang'd? what parts are wanting?

Alb. *Antonio's* shape hath cloath'd his bulk and visage,
 Onely his hands and feet, so large and callous,
 Require more time to supple. *Cri.* Pray you sir
 How long shall he retain this Metamorphosis?

Alb. The compleat circle of a naturall day.

Cri. A naturall day? Are any days unnaturall?

Alb. I mean the revolution o'th' first mover,
 Just twice twelve houres, in which period the rapt motion
 Rowles all the Orbs from East to Occident. (theeves, theeves!

Pan. Help, help, theeves, theeves, neighbours I am rob'd,

Cri. What a noyse make you sir? *Pan.* Have I not reason
 That thus am rob'd, theeves, theeves, call Constables,
 The Watch and Serjeants, Friends, and Constables,
 Neighbours I am undone. *Cri.* This well begun.

So he hold out still with a higher strain.
 What ayles you sir? *Pan.* *Cricca* my chamber's spoild

ALBUIMAZAR.

Of all my hangings, clothes, and silver plate.

Cri. Why, this is bravely fain'd; continue fir.

Pan. Lay all the Goldsmith, Keepers, Marshals, Bayliffes.

Cri. Fic fir, your passion fals, cry louder, roare
That all the Street may heare. *Pan.* Theeves, theeves, theeves!
All that I had is gone, and more then all.

Cri. Ha, ha, ha: hold out; lay out a Lyons throat,
A little lowder. *Pan.* I can cry no longer,
My throat's fore, I am rob'd, all's gone.

Both my own treasure, and the things I borrow'd.
Make thou an out-cry, I have lost my voyce:

Cry fire, and then they'll heare thee. *Cri.* Good, good, theeves,

What ha you lost? *Pan.* Wine, jewels, table-clothes,

A Cup-board of rich plate. *Cri.* Fic, youle spoyle all.

Now you out-do it. Say but a bowle or two.

Pan. Villain, I say al's gone; the Room's as clean
As a wipt looking glasse: oh me, oh me. *Cri.* What, in good earnest?

Pan. Fool in accursed earnest. *Cri.* You gull me sure.

Pan. The window towards the South stands ope, from whence
went all my treasure. Where's the Astrologer?

Alb. Here fir, and hardly can abstain from laughing
To see you vex your selfe in vain. *Pan.* In vain *Albumazar*?

I left my Plate with you, and tis all vanish,

And you shall answer it. *Alb.* O! were it possible

By powre of Art, to check what Art hath done,

Your man should nere be chang'd: to wrong me thus

With foule suspicion of flat Felony?

Your Plate, your cloth of silver, wine, and jewels,

Linnen, and all the rest, I gave to *Trincalo*,

And for more safety, lockt them in the Lobby.

Heel keep them carefully. But as you love your Mistris

Disturbe him not this half houre, lest youle have him

Like to a Centaure, halfe Clown, halfe Gentleman,

Suffer his foot and hand that's yet untoucht,

To be innobled like his other members.

Pan. *Albumazar*, I pray you pardon me,
Th'unlookd for barenesse of the Room amazd me.

ALBUMAZAR.

Alb. How? think you me so negligent to commit
So rich a masse of treasure to th' open danger
Of a large casement, and suspicious Alley?
No sir, my sacrifice no sooner done
But I wrapt all vp safe, and gaue it *Trincalo*.
I could be angry, but that your suddain feare
Excuses you. Fie, such a noise as this
Halfe an houre past, had skar'd the intelligences,
And spoyld the work, but no harm done, go walke
Westward, directly westward, on halfe houre:
Then turn back, and take your servant turn'd t' *Antonio*.
And as you like my skill, performe your promise.
I mean the chain. *Pan.* Content, lets still go westward,
Westward good *Cricca*, still directly westward!

ACT. 3. SCENE 3.

Albumazar, Ronca, Harpax, Furbo.

Alb. **F** *Vrbo, Harpax, and Ronca, come out, al's cleere.*
Why here's a noble prize worth ventring for.
Is not this braver then sneak all night in danger,
Picking of locks, or hooking clothes at windows?
Here's plate and gold, and cloth, and meat and wine,
All rich, and easily got. *Ronca* stay here about,
And wait till *Trincalo* come forth: then call him
With a low reverence *Antonio*,
Give him this gold with thanks, tell him he lent it
Before he went to *Barbary*. *Ron.* How lose ten peeces?
Alb. There's a necessity in't, devise some course
To get't again: if not, our gain's sufficient
To beare that losse. *Furbo* finde out *Bavilona*
The Curtezan, let her faine her selfe a Gentlewoman,
Inamored of *Antonio*, bid her invite him
To banquet with her, and by all means possible
Force him stay there two houres. *Har.* Why two houres?
Alb. That in that time thou mayst convey

ALBUIMAZAR.

Our treasure to the Inne, and speak a Boat
Ready for *Gravesend*, and provide a Supper:
Where, with those precious liquors, and good meats,
Wee'l cheere our selves; and thus well fed, and merry,
Take Boat by night. *Fur.* And what will you do?

Alb. First in and usher out our changeling *Trincalo*.
Then finish up a businesse of great profit,
Begun with a rich Merchant, that admires
My skill in Alchymy. I must not lose it.

Ron. Harpax bestow the plate, *Furbo* our beards,
Black patches for our eyes, and other properties,
And at the time and place meet all at Supper.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 9.

Albumazar. Trincalo.

Alb. **S**Tand forth transform'd *Antonio* fully mued
From brown soare feathers of dull yeomanry
To th' glorious bloome of Gentry: prune your selfe, slick;
Swear boldly y'are the man you represent
To all that dare deny it. *Tri.* I finde my thoughts
Most strangely altred, but me thinks, my face
Feels still like *Trincalo*. *Alb.* You imagine so.
Senses are oft deceiv'd. As an attentive Angler
Fixing his steady eyes on the swift streams
Of a steep tumbling torrent, no sooner turns
His sight to Land, but giddy, thinks the firme banks
And constant trees, move like the running waters:
So you that thirty yeers have liv'd in *Trincalo*,
Chang'd suddainly, think y'are so still; but instantly
These thoughts will vanish. *Tri.* Give me a Looking-glasse
To read your skill in these new Lineaments.

Alb. I rather give you poyson: for a glasse
By secret power of crosse reflections,
And Optick vertue, spoys the wondrous work
Of transformation, and in a moment turns you

ALBUMAZAR.

Spight of my skill, to *Trincalo* as before,
 We read that *Apuleius* by a Rose
 Chang'd from an Asse to Man : so by a mirrour,
 You'l loose this noble lustre, and turn Asse.
 I humbly take my leave ; but still remember
 T'avoid the Devill and a Looking-glasse.
 New-born *Antonio*, I kisse your hands.

Tri. Divine *Albumazar*, I kisse your hands.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 5.

Trincalo. Ronca.

Tri. **N**OW I am grown a Gentleman, and a fine one,
 I know't by th'kissing of my hands so courtly,
 My courteous knees bend in so true distance
 As if my foot walkt in a frame of purpose.
 Thus I accost you : or thus, sweet sir, your servant:
 Nay, more your servants servant : that's your grand-servant.
 I could descend from the top of *Pauls* to th'bottomc,
 And on each step strew parting complements,
 Strive for a doore while a good Carpenter
 Might make a new one. I am your shadow sir,
 And bound to wait upon you yfaith I will not : pray sir, &c.
 O brave *Albumazar*!

Ron. Iust *Aesops* Crow, prink't up in borrowed feathers.

Tri. My veins are filld with newnesse : O for a Chyrurgian
 To ope this arme, and view my gentle bloud,
 To try if't run two thousand pounds a yeere.
 I feele my understanding is enlarg'd
 With the rare knowledge of this latter age.
 A sacred fury over-swayes me. Prime !
 Deale quickly, play, discard, I set ten shillings six pence.
 You see't? my rest, five and a fifty. Boy, more Cards.
 And as thou go'st, lay out some roaring oaths
 For me ; Ile pay thee again with interest.
 O brave *Albumazar* !

Ron.

ALBUMAZAR.

Ron. How his imagination boyls, and works in all things
He ever saw or heard ! *Tri.* At Gleeke? content.
A mournnevall of Ases, Gleeke of Knaves.
Iust nine apiece. Sir, my gray Barbary
'Gainst your dun Cow, three train sents and th' course,
For fifty pound ; as I am a Gentleman
Ile meet next Cocking, and bring a Haggard with me
That stoops as free as lightning, strikes like thunder.
I lye ? my reputation you shall heare on't.
O brave *Albumazar* !

Ron. He'l grow stark mad I feare me. *Tri.* Now I know
I am perfectly transform'd my minde incites me
To challenge some brave fellow for my credit,
And for more safety, get some friend in private
To take the businesse up in peace and quiet.

Ron. Signior Antonio ? *Tri.* There's not a crum of *Trincalo*,
In all this frame, but the love of *Armellina* :
Wer't not for thee I'de travail, and home again
As wise as I went over.

Ron. Signior Antonio? welcome ten thousand times :
Blest be the Heavens and Seas for your return.

Tri. I thank you sir : Antonio is your servant, (you.
I am glad to see you well. Fie, I kisse your hands : and thus accost

Ron. This three months all your kind red, friends, and children,
Mourn'd for your death. *Tri.* And so they well might do,
For five dayes I was under water ; and at length
Got up and spred my selfe upon a chest,
Rowing with arms, and steering with my feet ;
And thus in five dayes more got land : believe it
I made a most incredible escape,
And safe return from *Barbary* : at your service :

Ron. Welcome ten thousand times from *Barbary*,
No friend more glad to see Antonio
Then I : nor am I thus for hope of gain ;
But that I finde occasion to be gratefull
By your return. Do you remember sir,
Before you went, as I was once arrested,

And

ALBUZAR.

And could not put in bayle; you passing by,
Lent me ten pound, and so discharg'd the debt?

Tri. Yes, yes, as well as 'twere but yesterday.

Ron. Oft have I waited at your house with money,
And many thanks: but you were still beyond Seas.
Now am I happy of this faire occasion
To testifie my honest care to pay you:

For you may need it. *Trin.* Sir, I do indeed,
Witnesse my treasure cast away by shipwrack. (you:

Ron. Here sir. *Tri.* Is the gold good, for mine was good I lent

Ron. It was, and so is this. Signior Antonio, for this curtesie.
Call me your servant. *Tri.* Farwell good servant, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
I know not so much as his name! ten pounds? this change is better
then my birth: for in all the yeers of my yeomanry I could never
yoake two crownes, and now I have hoarded ten faire twenty
shilling pieces. Now will I go to this Astrologer, and hire him
turn my Cart to a Caroch, my foure Iades to two *Dutch* Mares,
my Mistris *Armellina* to a Lady, my Plow-boy *Dick* to two guar-
ded foot-men: then will I hurry my self into the Mercers Books,
weare rich clothes, be call'd *Tony* by a great man, sell my lands,
pay no debts; hate Citizens, and beat Serjants: and when all fails,
sneake out of *Antonio* with a two-peny Looking-glasse, and turne
as true *Trincalo* as ever.

ACT. 3. SCENE 6.

Harpax, Trincalo.

Har. Signior Antonio, welcome. *Tri.* My life here's ten pound
Smore. I thank you heartily.

Harp. Never in fitter season could I finde you.
If you remember sir, before you went
To *Barbary*, I lent you ten pound in gold.

Tri. Faith I remember no such thing, excuse me.
What may I call your name? *Harp.* My name is *Harpax*,
Your friend and neighbour, of your old acquaintance.

Tri. What *Harpax*? I am your servant, I kisse your hands?

You

ALBUIMAZAR.

You must excuse me, you never lent me money.

Har. Sir, as I live, ten twentie shilling pieces.

Tri. Dangers at Sea, I finde, have hurt my memory.

Har. Why here's your own hand-writing: seal'd and sign'd,
In presence of your cousin *Julio*.

Tri. Tis true, tis true; but I sustaind great losses
By reason of the shipwrack. Here's five pieces,
Will that content you? and to morrow morning
Come to my house and take the rest.

Har. Well sir,
Though my necessitie would importune you
For all, yet on your Worships word, the rest
He call for in the morning. Farewell *Antonio*.

Tri. I see we Gentlemen can sometime borrow
As well as lend, and are as loth to pay
As meaner men. He home, lest other Creditors
Call for the rest.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 7.

Ronca. Trincalo.

Ron. Signior *Antonio*: I saw you as I landed,
And in great haste follow'd to congratulate
Your safe return, with these most wisht embraces.

Tri. And I accept your joy with like affection.
How do you call your selfe? *Ron.* Have you forgot
Your deare friend *Ronca*, whom you lov'd so well?

Tri. O I remember now my deare friend *Ronca*.

Ron. Thanks to the fortune of the Seas that sav'd you.

Tri. I feare I owe him monie: how shall I shift him?
How do's your body *Ronca*? *Ron.* My deare *Antonio*,
Never so well as now I have the power
Thus to embrace my friend, whom all th' Exchange
Gave drown'd for three whole moneths. My deare *Antonio*.

Tri. I thank you sir. *Ron.* I thank you. *Tri.* While my dear *Ronca*
Clipt me, my purse shook dangerously; yet both his arms
And hands embrac'd my neck: here's none behind me.

ALBUZAR.

How can this be ? *Ron.* Most deare *Antonio*,
Was not your passage dangerous from *Barbary* ?
We had great windes and tempests ; and I feare me,
You felt the force at Sea. *Tri.* Yes dearest *Ronca*.

How's this ? I see his hands, and yet my purse is gone.

Ron. Signior *Antonio*, I see your mind's much troubled
About affaires of worth ; I take my leave:
And kisse your hands of Liberalitie.

Tri. And kisse my hands of Liberalitie ?
I gave him nothing : Oh my purse, my purse !
Deare Master *Ronca*. *Ron.* Whats your pleasure sir ?

Tri. Shew me your hand. *Ro.* Here tis. *Tr.* But where's th' other ?

Ron. Why here. *Tri.* But I mean where's your other hand ?

Ron. Think you me the Gyant with a hundred hands ?

Tri. Give me your right. *Ron.* My right ?

Tri. Your left *Ron.* My left ?

Tri. Now both. *Ron.* There's both my deare *Antonio* :
Keep your selfe dark, eat broth: your fearfull passage,
And want of naturall rest, hath made you frantick.

Tri. Villain, rogue, cut-purse, thief, dear *Ronca* stay: he's gone
I th' Devils name, how could this fellow do it ?

I felt his hands fast lockt about my neck;

And still he spoake, it could not be his mouth :

For that was full of deare *Antonio* :

My life he stole't with his feet : such a trick more

Will work worse with me then a Looking-glasse :

To lose five pound in curt'sie, and the rest

In salutation ! *Ron.* Signior *Antonio*,

What ails you ? *Tri.* *Ronca* a Rogue, a Cut-purse

Hath rob'd me of five twenty shilling pieces.

Ron. What kind of man was he : something like me ?

Tri. Had such a thievish countenance as your own,
But that he wore a black patch ore his eye.

Ron. Met you with *Ronca* : tis the cunningst nimmer
Of the whole company of Cut-purse hall :

I am sorrie I was not here to warn you of him.

ACT.

ALBUIMAZAR.

ACT. 3. SCENE 8.

Furbo, Benilona, Trincalo.

Ben. **F**urbo no more, unlesse thy words were charms
Of power to revive him: Antonio's dead.

He's dead, and in his death hath buried
All my delights: my cares are deafe to Musick
That sounds of pleasure: sing then the dolefullst notes
That e're were set by Melancholly: O Antonio!

Furbio sings this Song:

*Flow streams of liquid salt from my sad eyes,
To celebrate his mournfull Exequies.*

Antonio's dead, he's dead, and I remayn

To draw my poor life in continuall pain,

Till it have paid to his sad memory

Duty of love: O then most willingly,

Drown'd with my teares, as he with waves, I die:

Ben. Break thy sad strings, and instrument: O strange! he's here.
Signior Antonio! my hearts sweet content!

My life and better portion of my soule!

Are you return'd? and safe? for whose sad death

I spent such streams of tears, and gusts of sighs?

Or is't my love, that to my longing fancy

Frames your desired shape, and mocks my senses?

Tri. Whom do you talk withall faire Gentlewoman?

Ben. With my best friend, commander of my life,

My most beloved Antonio. *Tri.* With me?

What's your desire with me sweet Lady?

Ben. Sir, to command me, as you have done ever,

To what you please: for all my liberty

Lies in your service. *Tri.* Now I smell the businesse.

This is some Gentlewoman enamoured

With him whose shape I beare: Fie what an Ass

Was I to strange my selfe, and lose the occasion

Of a good banquet, and her company?

Ile mend it as I can. Madam, I did but jest

ALBUMAZAR.

To try if absence caus'd you to forget
 A friend that lov'd you ever. *Ben.* Forget Antonio,
 Whose deare remembrance doth informe the soule
 Of your poore servant *Bevilona*? no,
 No, had you dy'd, it had not quencht't one spark
 Of th'sweet affection which your love hath kindled
 In this warme brest. *Tri.* Madam, the waves had drown'd mee,
 But that your love held up my chin. *Ben.* Wil't please you
 Enter, and rest your selfe, refresh the wearinesse
 Of your hard travaile; I have good wine and fruits,
 My Husband's out of town: you shall command
 My house, and all that's in't. *Tri.* Why are you married?

Ben. Have you forgot my Husband: an angry roarer?

Tri. O I remember him: but if he come,

Ben. Whence grows this feare? how come you so respectfull?
 You were not wont be numb'd with such a coldnesse.
 Go in sweet life, go in.

Tri. O I remember while I liv'd in *Barbary*
 A pretty Song the *Moores* sing to a Gridiron:
 Sweet Madam by your favour Ile sing't to this.

Alcoch Dolash, &c. Thus 'tis in English,

My heart in flames doth fry,

Of thy beauty,

While I

Die.

Fie?

And why

Shouldst thou deny

Me thy sweet company?

My brains to teares do flow

While all below

Doth glow.

O!

Foe

If so,

How canst thou go

About to say me no?

ALBUMAZAR.

This the *Moore*s call two wings upon a Gridiron.

But it goes sweeter far 'oth'iron instrument.

Ron. There's one within my Kitchen ready strung: go in.

Tri. Sweet Lady pardon me, Ile follow you.

Happy *Antonio* in so rare a Mistris !

But happier I, that in his place enjoy her :

I say still, ther's no pleasure like transforming.

ACT. 3. SCENE 9.

Ronca. Bevil. Trincalo.

Ron. **N**OW is the Assè expecting of a banquet,
Ready to court, embrace, and kisse his Mistris.

But Ile soon stave him. Tick, tock, what ho !

Ben. Who's that so boldly knocks ? I am not within ;
Or busie: Why so importunate ? who i'st ? *Ron.* Tis. Is (up *Roger, &c.*)

Ben. Your name ? *Ron.* *Thomas* up *William*, up *Morgan*, up *Davy*,

Tri. *Spinola's* Camp's broke loose: a troupe of Souldiers ! si

Ben. Oj me ! my Husband ! Oj me wretch, 'tis my Husband.

Tri. One man, and weare so many names ! *Ben.* O fir.

H'as more outragious Devils in his rage,

Then names. As you respect your life, avoid him.

Down at that window. *Tri.* Tis as high as *Pauls*.

Open the Garden doore. *Ben.* He has the keyes.

Down at some window, as you love your life,

Tender my honour, and your safety. *Ron.* *Bevilona* ?

Down, or Ile break the doores, and with the splinters

Beat all thy bones to pieces: Down you whore !

Ben. Be patient but a little ; I come instantly.

Tri. Ha' you no trunk nor chest to hide me ? *Ben.* None fir.

Alas I am clean undone, it is my Husband.

Ron. Doubtlesse, this whore hath some of her companions

That wrong me thus. But if I catch the villain,

Ile bath my hungry sword, and sharp revenge,

In his heart-bloud. Come down. *Ben.* I cannot stay.

There stands an empty Hogshead with a false bottom.

ALBUMAZAR.

To open and shut at pleasure ; come hither, in,
In as you love your life. *Tri.* But heare you Madam,
Is there no Looking-glasse within't? for I hate glasses
As naturally as some do Cats, or Cheese.

Ben. In, in, there's none. *Ron.* Who now? Is the Ass past?

Ben. I tunn'd him up, ha, ha, ha, I feare he'll fall a working.

Ron. Second me handsomely, we'll entertain him
An heure or two, and laugh and get his cloaths
To make our sport up. Wife where's the empty Hoghead
That wont to stand under the staires? *Ben.* There still.

Ron. Out with it quickly: I must have it fild.

Ben. Not to day, good sir, to morrow will serve as well.

Ron. I must ha't now. *Ben.* Tis more then I can carry.

Ron. He help thee: so, so. Foh! this vessell's musty.
Fetch out some water. *Ben.* Fetcht your selfe.

Tri. Pox of all Transmutation, I am smother'd.
Lady, as you love me, give the Hoghead vent.
The beere that's in't will work and break the vessell.

Ben. Signior *Antonio*, as you love your life
Lie still and close, for if you stirre you die.

Ron. So, so, now shake it, so, so. *Tri.* Oh I am drown'd, I drown!

Ron. Whence comes this hollow sound? I drown, I smother!

Ron. My life tis *Trincalo*, For I have heard that Coxcombe,
That Ass, that Clown, seeks to corrupt my wife,
Sending his fruit and dainties from the Country.
O that 'twere he. How would I use the villain!
First crop his eares, then slit his nose and geld him,
And with a red hot iron seare his raw wounds;
Then barrell him again, and send the Eunuch (in heere?)
To the great Turk to keep his Concubines. Tick, tock, who's with-

Ben. One that you dare not touch. *Ron.* One that I dare not?
Out villain, out. Signior *Antonio*!

Had it been any but your selfe, he dyed.

But as you sav'd my life before you went,

So now command mine in your services.

I would have sworn y'had been drown'd in *Barbary*.

Tri. 'Twas a hard passage: but not so dangerous.

ALBUMAZAR.

As was this vessell. Pray you conceive no ill,
I meant no harme, but call'd of your wife to know
How my sonne *Lelio* did, and daughter *Flavia*.

Ron. Sir I believe you. *Tri.* But I must tell you one thing,
You must not be so jealous, on my honour.
She's very honest. *Ron.* For you I make no question.
But there's a Rogue call'd *Trincalo*, whom if I catch,
Ile teach him. *Tri.* Who, you mean *Pandolfo's* Farmer.
Alas poore foole, he's a stark Ass, but harmlesse.
And though she talk with him, tis but to laugh,
As all the world do's at him: come be friends

At my intreaty. *Ron.* Sir, for your sake. *Ben.* I thank you,

Tri. Lets have a fire; and while I dry my self,
Provide good wine and meat. Ile dine with you.
I must not home thus wet. I am something bold with you.

Ron. My house and self are at your service. *Tri.* Lead in.
Alas, poore *Trincalo*, hadst thou been taken,
Thou hadst been tunn'd for *Turkie*.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, faire fall *Antonio's* shape.

What a notorious Wittal's this! Ha, ha, ha.

Finis Act. 3.

Act. 4. Scene I.

Antonio.

THUS by great favour of propitious Stars,
From fearfull storms, shipwrack, and raging billows,
Mercilesse jaws of Death, am I return'd
To th'safe and quiet bosome of my Country,
And wish'd embracements of my Friends and Kindred.
The memory of these misfortunes past,
Seasons the welcome, and augments the pleasure
I shall receive of my sonne *Lelio*,
And daughter *Flavia*. So doth alloy

Make

A L B U M A Z A R.

Make gold, that else were uselesse, serviceable.
So the rugged forehead of a threatening Mountain,
Threatens the smoothnesse of a smiling Valley.

A C T. 4. S C E N E 2.

Cricca, Antonio.

Cri. **V** **V** Hat do I see? is not this *Trincalo*
Transform'd t' *Antonio*? tis, and so perfectly
That did the right *Antonio* now confront him,
I'd sweare they both were true, or both were false.

Ant. This man admires the unexpectednesse
Of my return. *Cri.* O wondrous powre of Stars,
And skil of Art t' apply't. You that are married
May justly feare, lest this Astrologer
Cloath your wives servants in your shape, and use you
As *Jupiter* did *Amphitrio*. You that are rich,
In your own forme may lose your gold. *Ant.* Tis *Cricca*.

Cri. He seems so just the man he represents,
That I dare hardly use him as I purposed:

Ant. *Cricca*, well met, how fares my friend *Pandolfo*?

Cri. Your friend *Pandolfo*? how are your means improv'd,
To stile familiarly your Masters friend? *Ant.* What sayst thou?

Cri. That I rejoyce your Worship's safe returnd
From your late drowning. Th' Exchange hath giv'n you lost;
And all your friends worn mourning three months past.

Ant. The danger of the shipwrack I escapt,
So desperate was, that I may truly say
I am new born, not sav'd. *Cri.* Ha, ha, ha, through what a grace
And goodly countenance the Rascall speaks:
What a grave portance; could *Antonio*
Himself out-do him? O you notorious villain!
Who would have thought thou couldst have thus dissembled?

Ant. How now: a servant thus familiar? Syrrha
Use your companions so; more reverence
Becomes you better. *Cri.* As though I understood not,

ALBUIMAZAR.

The end of all this plot and goodly businesse?
Come / know all, see! this untill'd clod of earth.
Conceits his minde transform'd, as well as body.
He wrings and bites his lips for feare of laughing. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. Why laugh you sirra? *Cri.* To see thee chang'd
So strangely, that / cannot spy on inch
Of thy old Clownish Carkas. Ha, ha. *Ant.* Laughter proceeds
From absurd actions that are harmlesse. *Cri.* Ha, ha, ha.
Sententious Block-head. *Ant.* And y're all advis'd
To jeast in stead of pittie. Alas! my miseries,
Dangers of death, slav'ry of cruell *Moore*s,
And tedious journeys, might have easily altered
A stronger body; much more this decay'd vessell,
Out-worn with age, and broken by misfortunes.

Cri. Leave your set speeches. Go to *Antonio's* house,
Effect your businesse. For upon my credit
Th'art so well turn'd, they dare not but accept thee.

Ant. Where should I hope for welcome, if not there;
From my own house, children and family?

Cri. Is't possible this Coxcombe should conceive
His minde transform'd? How gravely he continues
The countenance he began? Ha, ha. Why Blockhead?
Thinkst to deceive me too? Why *Trincalo*?

Ant. I understand you not. Hands off. *Cri.* Art not thou *Trincalo*,
Pandolfo's man? *Ant.* I not so much as know him.

Cri. Dar'st thou deny't to me? *Ant.* I dare, and must
To all the World, 'long as *Antonio* lives.

Cri. You arrant Ass, have I not known thee serve
My Master in his Farm this thirteen yeers?

Ant. By all the oathes that binde mens consciences
To truth, I am *Antonio*; and no other.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 3.

Pandolfo, Cricca, Antonio.

Pa. **V V** What means this noise? O *Cricca*! what's the mat-
Cri. Sir, here's your Farmer *Trincalo*, transform'd

ALBUMAZAR.

So just, as he were melted, and new cast
In the true mould of old *Antonio*.

Pan. Th' right eye's no liker to the left, then he
To my good neighbour. Divine *Albumazar*!
How I admire thy skill! just so he look't,
And thus he walkt; this is his face, his haire,
His eyes and countenance; If his voyce be like,
Then is th' Astrologer a wonder-worker.

Ant. Signior *Pandolfo*, I thank the heavens as much
To finde you well, as for my owne returne.
How does your daughter, and my love *Sulpitia*?

Pan. Well, well, sir. *Cri.* This is a good beginning,
How naturally the rogue dissembles it?
With what a gentle garbe, and civill grace
He speakes and lookes: How cunningly *Albumazar* (there: sir,
Hath for our purpose suted him in *Barbary* cloaths. Ile try him fur-
We heard you were drownd, pray you, how scap't you shipwrack?

Ant. No sooner was I shipt for *Barbary*,
But faire winde follow'd, and faire weather led us.
When entred in the Straites of *Gibraltar*;
The heavens, and seas, and earth conspir'd against us,
The tempest tore our helme, and rent our tackels,
Broake the maine Mast, while all the sea about us
Stood up in watry Mountaines to over-whelme us.
And struck's against a Rocke, splitt'ing the vessell
T'a thousand splinters. I with two Marriners
Swam to the Coast, where by the barbarous Moores
We were surpriz'd, fetter'd and sold for slaves.

Cri. This tale th' Astrologer pen'd, and he hath cond it.

Ant. But by a Gentleman of *Italy*
Whom I had knowne before. *Pan.* No more, this tast
Proves thou canst play the rest. For this faire story;
My hand I make thy ten pound, twenty Markes.
Thou lookst and speakest so like *Antonio*.

Ant. Whom should I looke and speake like, but my selfe?

Cri. Good still! *Pan.* But now my honest *Trincalo*,
Tell me where's all the Plate, the gold, and Jewels,

That

ALBUIMAZAR.

That the Astrologer, when he had transformd thee
Committed to thy charge? are they safe lockt?

Ant. I understand you not. *Pan.* The jewels man,
The plate and gold th'Arologer that chang'd thee
Bad thee lay up? *Ant.* What plate? what gold?
What jewels? what transformation? what Astrologer?

Cri. Leave off *Antonio* now, and speak like *Trincalo*.

An. Leave off your jesting; it neither fits your place
Nor age, *Pandolfo*, to scoffe your ancient friend.
I know not what you mean by gold and jewels,
Nor by th'Astrologer, nor *Trincalo*.

Cri. Better and better still. Believe me sir,
He thinks himselfe *Antonio*, and ever shall be.
And so possesse your plate. Art thou not *Trincalo*
My Masters Farmer? *An.* I am *Antonio*
Your Masters friend, if he teach you more manners.

Pan. Humour of wiving's gone; farewell good *Flavia*.
Three thousand pound must not be lost so slightly.
Come sir, wee'l draw you to th'Astrologer,
And turn you to your ragged bark of Yeomanry:

An. To me these terms! *Pan.* Come ile not lose my plate.

Cri. Stay, sir, and take my counsell. Let him still
Firmly conceit himselfe the man he seems:
Thus he himselfe deceiv'd, will farre more earnestly
Effect your businesse, and deceive the rest.
There's a mayn difference twixt a self-bred action
And a forst carriage. Suffer him then to enter
Antonio's house: and waite th'euent: for him
He cannot scape: what you intend to do,
Do't when' has seru'd your turne. I see the maide,
Lets hence lest they suspect our consultations.

Pan. Thy counsels good: away. *Cri.* Looke *Trincalo*
Yonder's your beauteous mistresse *Armellina*,
And daughter *Flavia*. Courage, I warrant thee.

An. Blest be the heav'ns that rid me of this trouble.
For with their Farmer and Astrologer,
Plate, and gold, the'aue almost madded me.

ALBUMAZAR.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 4.

Flavia, Armellina, Antonio.

Fla. *Armellina.* *Arm.* Mistress. *Fla.* Is the dore fast?
Ar. Yes, as an Usurers purse. *Fla.* Come hither wench.
 Look here, there's *Trincalo*, *Pandolfo's* Farmer,
 Wrapt in my fathers shape: prithee come quickly,
 And help me to abuse him. *Ar.* Notorious Clown?
An. These are my gates, and that's the Cabinet
 That keeps my jewels, *Lelio*, and his sister.
Fla. Never was villany so personate
 In seemly properties of gravity. *An.* Tick, tock.
Fla. Who is he that knocks so boldly? *Ar.* What want you, sir.
An. O my faire daughter *Flavia*! Let all the Stars
 Powre down full blessings on thee: Ope the doores.
Fla. Mark this faire daughter *Flavia*, ha, ha, ha:
 Most shamelesse villain how he counterfeits!
An. Know'st not thy father, old *Antonio*,
 Is all the world grown frantick? *Fla.* What *Antonio*?
An. Thy loving father, *Flavia*. *Fla.* My father!
 Would thou wert in his place. *Antonio's* dead,
 Dead, under water was drown'd. *An.* Then dead and drown'd
 Am I. *Fla.* I love not to converse with dead men.
An. Open the doore sweet *Flavia*. *Fla.* Sir, I am afraid;
 Horrour incloses me, my haire stands up,
 I sweat to heare a dead man speak, you smell
 Of putrification: fie! I feel't hither.
An. Th'art much abus'd, I live: come down, and know me.
Ar. Mistress let me have some sport too. Who's there?
An. Let me come in. *Ar.* Soft, soft sir, y'are too hasty.
An. Quickly, or else——*Ar.* Good word, good words, I pray
 In strangers houses! were the doores your own,
 You might be bolder. *An.* Ile beat the doores and windows
 About your eares. *Ar.* Are you so hot? wee'l coole you.
 Since your late drowning, your gray and reverent head

ALBUMAZAR.

Is smear'd with Oes, and stuck with Cockle-shells,
This is to wash it. *An.* Impudent whore! *Ar.* Out Carter:
Hence dirty whipstock, hence you foule clown: be gone,
Or all the water I can make, or borrow,
Shall once more drown you.

ACT. 4. SCENE 5.

Lelio, Antonio, Armellina.

Le. **A** *Rmellina*; whom do you draw your tōgue upon so sharp-
Ar. Sir tis your fathers ghost, that strives by force (ly?
To break the doores and enter. *Le.* This his grave look!
In every lineament himselfe no liker.

Had I not haply been advertized,
What could have forc'd me think 'twere *Trincalo*:
Doubtlesse, th' Astrologer hath raisd a ghost
That walks in th' reverend ghost of my dead father.

An. These ghosts, these *Trincalo's*, and Astrologers,
Strike me beside my selfe. Who will receive me
When mine own sonne refuseth? Oh *Antonio*!

Le. Infinite power of Art! who would believe
The Planets influence could transforme a man
To severall shapes: I could now beat him sound ly?
But that he weares the awfull countenance
Of my dead father, whose memory I reverence.

An. If I be chang'd beyond thy knowledge, sonne,
Consider that th' excesse of heat in *Barbary*,
The feare of shipwrack, and long tedious journies,
Have tann'd my skin, and shrunk my eyes and cheeks;
Yet still this face, though alterd, may be known.
This skarre bears witnesse, twas the wound thou cur'dst
With thine own hands. *Le.* He that chang'd *Trincalo*

T' *Antonio's* figure, omitted not the skarre
As a mayn character. *An.* I have no other marks
Or reasons to perswade thee; me thinks, this word
I am thy father, were argument sufficient

A L B U M A Z A R.

To bend my knees, and creep to my embracements.
Le. A sudden coldnesse strikes me, my tender heart
 Beats with compassion of I know not what.
 Sirra be gone, trusse up your goodly speeches,
 Sad shipwracks, and strange transformations.
 Your plot's discovered, 'twill not take: thy impudence
 For once I pardon. The pious reverence
 I owe to th' grave resemblance of my father
 Holds back my angry hands. Hence, if I catch you
 Haunting my doores again, ile bastinado you
 Out of *Antonio's* skin; away. *An.* I go sir,
 And yield to such crosse fortune as thus drives me.

A C T. 4. S C E N E 6.

Trincalo and Benilona dressing him.

Tri. **V** Vhen this transformed substance of my carcasse
 Did live imprison'd in a wanton hogthead,
 My name was *Don Antonio*, and that title
 Preserv'd my life, and chang'd my suite of clothes.
 How kindly the good Gentlewoman us'd me! with what Respect
 and carefull tenderesse! your Worship sir had ever a sickly con-
 stitution, and I feare much more now since your long travaile: as
 you love me, off with these wet things, and put on the suite you left
 with me before you went to *Barbary*. Good sir neglect not your
 health: for upon my Experience there is nothing worse for the
 Rheume, then to be drench't in a musty Hogthead. Pretty soul! such
 another speech would have drawn off my legs and arms, as easily
 as hose and doublet. Had I been *Trincalo*, I'de have sworn th' had
 cheated. But fie! tis base and clownish to suspect, and a Gentlemans
 freenesse to part with a cast suit. Now to the businesse: Ile in to my
 own house, and first bestow *Armellina* upon *Trincalo*, then try
 what can be done for *Pandolfo*: for tis a rule I wont t' observe.
 First, do your own affairs, and next your Masters. This word Ma-
 ster makes me doubt I am not charg'd as I should be. But al's one,
 Ile venter, and doe something worthy *Antonios'* name while I
 have it.

Act.

ALBUMAZAR.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 7.

Antonio, Trincalo.

Ant. **V**V Retch'd *Antonio*, hast been preserv'd so strangely
From forraine miseries, to be wrong'd at home?
Bar'd from thy house by the scorns of thine own children?

Tri. Tick, tock.

Ant. But stay, there's one knocks boldly 't may be some friend.

Tri. Tick, tock.

Ant. Dwell you here Gentleman? *Tri.* He calls me Gentleman,
See th' vertue of good cloaths: all men salute,
Honour, respect, and reverence us. *Ant.* Yong Gentleman,
Let me without offence intreat your name,
And why you knock. *Tri.* How firra Sawce-box, my name?
Or thou some stranger art, or grossly ignorant
That knowst not me. Ha! what art thou that ask'st it?

Ant. Be not in choler sir. *Tri.* Befits it me,
A Gentleman of publick reputation,
To stoop so low as satisfie the questions
Of base and earthly pieces like thy selfe? What art thou? ha?

Ant. Th' unfortunate possessor of this house.

Tri. Thou ly'st base Sycophant, my Worship owes it.

Ant. Maybe my sonne hath sold it in my absence,
Thinking me dead. How long has't call'd your Master?

Tri. 'Long as *Antonio* posselt it. *Ant.* Which *Antonio*?

Tri. *Antonio, Anastasio.* *Ant.* That *Anastasio*,

That drown'd in *Barbary*? *Tri.* That *Anastasio*,

That selfe same man am I: I scapt by swimming,

And now return to keep my former promise

Of *Flavia* to *Pandolfo*; and in exchange,

To take *Sulpitia* to my wife. *Ant.* All this

I intended 'fore I went: but sir, if I

Can be no other then my selfe, and you

Are that *Antonio*, you and I are one.

Tri. How? one with thee? speak such another sillable,

And by the terrour of this deadly steele,

That

That nere saw light, but sent to endlesse darknesse
All that durst stand before't: thou diest. *Ant.* Alas
My weaknesse grown by age, and pains of travail,
Disarms my courage to defend my selfe;
I have no strength but patience. *Tri.* What art now?

Ant. *Peter, and Thomas, William, what you please.*

Tri. What boldnesse madded thee to steale my name?

Ant. Sir, heat of wine. *Tri.* And when y'are drunk,
Is there no person to put on but mine,
To cover your intended villanies?

Ant. But good sir, if I be not I, who am I?

Tri. An Oxe, an Asse, a Dog. *Ant.* Strange negligence
To lose my selfe! me thinks I live and move,
Remember. Could the fearfull apprehension
Of th'ugly feare of drowning so transforme me?
Or did I die, and by *Pythagoras* rule,
My soule is provided of another lodging?

Tri. Be what thou wilt, except *Antonio*,
'Tis death to touch that name. *Ant.* Dangers at Sea
Are pleasures, weigh'd with these home-injuries.
Was ever man thus scar'd beside himselfe?
O most unfortunate *Antonio*!
At Sea thou suffredst shipwrack of thy goods,
At land of thine own selfe. *Antonio*?
Or what name else they please? flie, flie to *Barbary*,
And rather there endure the forraigne crueltie
Of fetters, whips, and *Moores*, then here at home
Be wrong'd and baffled by thy friends and children.

Tri. How? prating still? why *Timothy* begone,
Or draw, and lay *Antonio* down betwixt us,
Let fortune of the fight decide the question.
Here's a brave Rogue, that in the Kings high-way
Offers to rob me of my good name. Draw.

Ant. These wrongs recall my strength, I am resolv'd,
Better die once, then suffer always. Draw.

Tri. Stay, understandst thou well nice points of duell?
Art born of gentle bloud, and pure descent?

ALBUMAZAR.

Was none of all thy lineage hangd or cuckold?
 Bastard, or bastinado'd? is thy pedigree
 As long, as wide as mine? For otherwise
 Thou wert most unworthy; and 'twere losse of honour
 In me to fight. More, I have drawn five teeth:
 If thine stand sound, the tearms are much unequall.
 And by strict laws of duell, I am excus'd
 To fight on disadvantage. *Ant.* This some Asse!

Tri. If we concurre in all, write a formall Challenge;
 And bring thy Second: mean-while I make provision
 Of *Calais* sand to fight upon securely. Ha!

ACT. 4. SCENE 8.

Lelio, Cricca, Trincalo, Antonio.

Le. **A**M I awake? or do deceitfull dreams
 Present to my wild fancie things I see not?

Cri. Sir, what amazement's this? why wonder you?

Le. See'st thou not *Trincalo* and *Antonio*?

Cri. O strange! th'are both here. *Le.* Didst not thou informe
 That *Trincalo* was turnd to *Antonio*? (me
 Which I beleving like a cursed sonne,
 With most reproachfull threats, drove mine old Father
 From his own doores; and yet rest doubtfull, whether
 This be the true *Antonio*: may be th'Astrologer
 Hath chang'd some other, and not *Trincalo*.

Cri. No, feare it not: tis plain: *Albumazar*
 Hath cheated my old master of his plate.
 For here's the Farmer, as like himsele as euer;
 Onely his cloaths excepted. *Trincalo*!

Tri. *Cricca*, where's *Trincalo*? doest see him here?

Cri. Yes, and as rank an Asse as e're he was. (me.

Tri. Thou'rt much deceiv'd, thou neither see'st, nor know'st
 I am transformd; transformd. *Cri.* Th'art still thy self.
Lelio, this Farmer's halfe a foole, halfe knave.
 And as *Pandolfo* did with much intreaty

A L B U M A Z A R.

Perfwade him to transforme, fo as much labour
Will hardly bring the Coxcombe to himfelfe,
That nere was out on't. Who art if not he ?

Tri. My name is *Don Antonio*, I am now going
To mine own houfe, to give *Pandolfo Flavia*,
And *Armellina* to his Farmer *Trincalo*.

How dar'ft thou *Cricca*, but a meaner fervant,
Refemble me a man of worth and worfhip,
To fuch a Clown as *Trincalo*, a branded foole,
An Affe, a laughing-ftock, to Town and Countrey?
Art not afham'd to name him with *Antonio* ?

Le. Do not thy actions with thy rude behaviour,
Proclaime thee what thou art ? *Cri.* Notorious Clown !

Tri. Villain, th'haft broke my foulders. *Le.* O didft feel him?

Tri. I with a pox. *Le.* Then th'art ftill *Trincalo*.
For hadft thou been *Antonio*, he had fmarterd.

Tri. I feele it as I am *Antonio*

Cri. Foole ! who loves *Armellina* ? *Tri.* Tis I, tis I.

Cri. *Antonio* never lov'd his Kitchen-maid.

Tri. Well I was taken for *Antonio*,
And in his name receiv'd ten pound in gold,
Was by his Miftris entertain'd ; but thou
Envy'ft my happineffe : if th'haft th'ambition
To rife as I have done, go to *Albumazar*,
And let him change thee to a Knight, or Lord.

Cri. Note the ftrange power of ftrong imagination.

Tri. A world of Engines cannot wrefte my thoughts,
From being a Gentleman : I am one, and will be :
And though I be not, yet will think my felfe fo :
And fcorn thee *Cricca*, as a flave and fervant.

A C T. 4. S C E N E 9.

Cricca, Lelio, Antonio.

Cri. **T**Is but loft labour to diffwade his dulneffe, (hence,
Believe me that's your father. *Le.* When I drove him
Spight.

ALBIMAZAR.

Spight of my bloud his reverent countenance
 Strook me t'a deep compassion. To cleere all,
 Ile aske one question. Signior *Antonio*,
 What money took you when you took your Voyage?

Ant. As I remember, fourscore and fifteen pound
 In *Barbary* gold. Had *Lucio* kept his word
 I had carried just a hundred. *Le.* Pardon me father;
 'Twas my blinde ignorance, not want of duty,
 That wrong'd you: all was intended for a Farmer,
 Whom an Astrologer, they said, transform'd.

Ant. How an Astrologer? *Le.* When you parted hence
 It seems you promis'd *Flavia* to *Pandolfo*.
 News of your death arriving, th'old Gentleman
 Importunes me to second what you purpos'd.
 Consulting therefore with my friends and kindred,
 Loth my yong sifter should be buried quick
 I'th'grave of threescore yeares: by their advice
 I fully did deny him. He chafes and storms,
 And findes at length a cunning man, that promis'd
 To turn his Farmer to your shape: and thus
 Possesse your house, and give him *Flavia*.
 Whereof I warnd, wrongd you instead of *Trincalo*.

Ant. Then hence it came they cald me *Trincalo*,
 And talkt of an Astrologer; which names
 Almost inrag'd me past my selfe and senses.
 'Tis true I promis'd, but have oft repented it.
 And much more since he goes about to cheat me.
 He must not have her, sir. *Le.* I am glad y'are so resolv'd.
 And since with us, you finde that match unequall,
 Let's all intreat you to bestow your daughter
 Upon his sonne *Eugenio*. *Ant.* Sonne at your pleasure
 Dispose of *Flavia*, with my full consent.

Le. And as you judge him worthy your daughter *Flavia*,
 Think no lesse of his *Sulpitia*.

An. I do: and ever had desire to match
 Into that family; and now I finde my selfe
 Old, weak, unfit for marriage, you shall enjoy her,

ALBU MAZAR:

If I can worke *Pandolfo* by intreaty.

Cri. To deale with him with reason and intreaties,
Is to perswade a mad-man: for his loue
Wakes him no lesse. All speeches opposite
T'his fixt desire, and loue-corrupted iudgment,
Seeme extreame fooleries. Will he consent
To giue his daughter to your sonne and you
Deny him *Flavia*: Shall *Engenio*
Expect or land or loue from old *Pandolfo*,
Being his open riual; tis impossible.
He sought to cosen you; therefore resolute
To pay him in's owne money. Be but aduise
By my poore counsell, and one stroke shall cut
The root of his designs, and with his arrows
Strike his owne plot so dead, that *Albumazar*,
With all his stars and instruments, shall neuer
Give it fresh motion. *Ant. Cricca*, to thy direction,
We yeeld our selues, manage vs at thy pleasure.

Le. Speake quickly *Cricca*. *Cri.* The ground of all this busines,
Is to catch *Trincalo*, and locke him fast
Till I release him: next, that no man whisper
Th' least word of your return. Then will I home,
And with a cheerfull look tell my old Master,
That *Trincalo* —— but stay, look where he comes,
Let's in, and there at leasure ile informe you
From point to point. *Lelio*, detain him here,
Till I send *Armellina* down to second you.
Crosse him in nothing, call him *Antonio*,
And good enough. *Le.* Feare not, let me alone.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 10.

Trincalo, Lelio.

Tri. **T**His rascall *Cricca* with his arguments
Of malice, so disturbs my gentle thoughts,
That I half doubt I am not what I seeme:

But

ALBUIMAZAR.

But that will soon be cleer'd; if they receive me
In at *Antonioes* house, I am *Antonio*.

Lel. Signior *Antonio* my most loving father?
Blest be the day and houre of your return.

Tri. Sonne *Lelio*? a blessing on my child, I pray thee tell me,
How fares my servant *Armellina*? well?

Lel. Have you forgot my sister *Flavia*?

Tri. What my deare daughter *Flavia*? no, but first
Call *Armellina*: for this day wee'l celebrate
A Gleek of Marriages: *Pandolfo* and *Flavia*,
Sulpitia and my selfe, and *Trincalo*
With *Armellina*. Call her, good *Lelio*, quickly.

Lel. I will sir. *Tri.* So: this is well that *Lelio* .
Confesseth me his father. Now I am perfect,
Perfect *Antonio*.

ACT. 4. SCENE. II.

Armellina, Trincalo.

Arm. Signior *Antonio*!

My long expected Master! *Tri.* O *Armellina*!
Come let me kisse thy brow like my own daughter.

Arm. Tis too great a favour. I kisse your foot.
What faine? Alas! how feeble you are grown,
With your long travell? *Tri.* True, and being drownd,
Nothing so griv'd me, as to lose thy company.
But since I am safe return'd, for thy good service
Ile help thee to a husband. *Arm.* A husband, sir?
Some young and lusty youth, or else ile none.

Tri. To one that loves thee dearly, dearly wench:
A goodly man, like me in limbs and fashion.

Arm. Fie, an old man? how? cast my selfe away,
And be no nurse but his? *Tri.* He's not like me
In yeers and gravity, but fair proportion. (*Trincalo* of *Totnam*.)
A handsome well-set man as I. *Arm.* His name? *Tri.* Tis *Tom*.

Arm. Signior *Pandolfo's* lusty Farmer? *Tri.* That's he.

A L B U M A Z A R.

Arm. Most unexpected happinesse ! tis the man,
I more esteem then my own life: sweet Master
Procure that match, and think me satisfied
For all my former service without wages.
But aj I feare you jest. My poore unworthinesse
Hopes not so great a fortune as sweet *Trincalo*.
No wretched *Armellina*, in and despaire :
Back to thy mournful I Dresser ; there lament
Thy selfe to Kitchin-stuffe, and bones to ashes,
Eor love of thy sweet Farmer. *Tri.* Alas poore soule,
How prettily she weeps for me ! Wilt see him ?

Arm. My soule waits in my eys, and leaves my body
Senselesse. *Tri.* Then sweare to keep my counsell. *Ar.* I sweare
By th' beauteous eys of *Trincalo*. *Tri.* Why I am *Trincalo*.

Arm. Your worship sir ! why do yon flout your servant,
Right worshipfull *Antonio*, my reverend Master ?

Tri. Pox of *Antonio*, I am *Tom Trincalo*.
Why laugh'st thou ? *Arm.* Tis desire and joy,
To see my sweetest. *Tri.* Look upon me and see him.

Arm. I say see *Antonio*, and none other.

Tri. I am within, thy love; without, thy Master.
Th' Astrologer transformd me for a day.

Arm. Mock not your poore Maid; pray you sir. *Tri.* I do not.
Now would I break this head against the stones,
To be unchang'd; sic on this Gentry, it sticks
Like Bird-lime, or the Pox. I cannot part with't.
Within, I am still thy Farmer *Trincalo*.

Arm. Then must I wait, till old *Antonio*
Be brought to bed of a faire *Trincalo* ;
Or flea you, and strip you to your self again.

Tri. Carry me to your chamber. Try me there.

Arm. O sir by no means : but with my lovely Farmer
I de stay all night and thank him. *Tri.* Crosse misfortune !
Accurst *Albumazar* ! and mad *Pandolfo* !
To change me thus, that when I most desire
To be my selfe, I cannot. *Armellina*

Fetch me a Looking-glasse. *Arm.* To what end ? *Tri.* Fetch one.
Let

ALBUZAR.

Let my old Masters businesse sinke or swim,
 This sweet occasion must not be neglected.
 Now shall I know th' Astrologers skill : O wonderfull !
 Admir'd *Albumazar* in two transmutations:
 Here's my old Farmers face. How in an instant
 I am unchang'd that was so long a changing. Here's my flat nose
 Now *Armellina* take thy lov'd *Trincalo* (again, &c.
 To thy desired embracements, use thy pleasure,
 Kisse thy belly full. *Arm.* Not here in publick.
 T' enjoy too soon what pleaseth, is unpleasant :
 The World, would envy that my happinesse.
 Go in, ile follow you, and in my Bed-chamber
 Wee'l consummate the match in privacy.

Tri. Was not the face I wore farre worse then this ?
 But for thy comfort, Wench, *Albumazar*
 Hath died my thoughts so deep i'th' grain of Gentry,
 Tis not a glasse can rob me of my good fashion,
 And Gentlemanly garbe. Follow my deare.

Arm. Ile follow you. So now y' are fast enough.

Tri. Help *Armellina*, help, I am false i'th' cellar:
 Bring a fresh Plantane lease, I have broke my shin.

Arm. Thus have I caught me a husband in a trap,
 An in good earnest meant to marry him.
 Tis a tough Clown and lusty : he works day and night ;
 And rich enough for me, that have no portion
 But my poore service. Well : he's something foolish ;
 The better can I dominere, and rule him
 At pleasure. That's the marke and utmost height
 We women ayme at. I am resolv'd ; Ile have him.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 12.

Lelio. Cricca.

Lel. **I**N *Armellina*, lock up *Trincalo*. *Arm.* I will sit.
Le. Cricca, for this thy counsell, if' succeed,
 Feare not thy Masters anger : Ile preferre thee

And

ALBUMAZAR.

And count thee as my *Genius*, or good fortune.

Cri. It cannot chuse but take. I know his humour;
And can at pleasure feather him with hopes,
Making him flie what pitch I wish, and stoop
When I shew fowle. *Le.* But for the suite of cloaths?

Cri. Ile throw them o're your garden wall. Away.
Haste to *Eugenio* and *Sulpitia*,
Acquaint them with the businesse. *Le.* I go.

ACT. 4. SCENE 13.

Lelio, Sulpitia.

Le. **T**He hopefull issue of thy counsell, *Cricca*,
Brightens this ev'ning, and makes it more excell
The cleereſt day, then a gray morning doth
The blindeſt midnight, raising my amorous thoughts
To ſuch a pitch of joy, that riches, honour,
And other pleasures, to *Sulpitia's* love,
Apppeare like Mole-hils to the Moon. *Sul. Lelio?*

Le. O there's the voice that in one note contains
All cords of Muſick: how gladly ſhee'l imbrace
The newes I give her, and the meſſenger.

Sul. Soft, Soft, y'are much miſtaken; for in earneſt,
I am angry *Lelio*; and with you. *Le.* Sweeteſt, thoſe flames
Riſe from the fire of love, and ſoon will quench
I'th' welcome news I bring you. *Sul.* Stand ſtill I charge you
By th' vertue of my lips; ſpeak not a ſyllable
As you expect a kiſſe ſhould cloſe my choler.
For I muſt chide you *Le.* O my *Sulpitia*,
Were euery ſpeech a piſtoll chargd with death,
I'de ſtand them all in hope of that condition.

Sul. Firſt, Gr, I heare, you teach *Eugenio*
Too graue a warineſſe in your ſiſters loue,
And kill his honeſt forwardneſſe of affection
With your far-fet reſpects, ſuſpitiouſ, feares:
You haue your may-bee's; this is dangerous:

That

ALBUMAZAR.

That course were better : for if so, and yet
 Who knowes? the event is doubtfull ; be advis'd,
 Tis a yong rashnesse : your father is your father :
 Take leisure to consider. Thus y'have considered
 Poore *Flavia* almost to her grave . Fye *Lelio*,
 Had this my smalnesse undertooke the businesse,
 And done no more in foure short winters daies
 Than you in foure months ; I'de have vowed my maiden-head
 To the living Tombe of a sad Nunnery :
 Which for your sake I loath. *Lel.* Sweet by your favour.

Sul. Peace, peace : now y'are so wise, as if ye had eaten
 Nothing but braines and marrow of Machiavell :
 You tip your speeches with *Italian Motti*,
Spanish Refrains, and *Englist Quoth Hees*. Beleeve me,
 There is not a Proverbe salts your tongue, but plants
 Whole colonies of white haire. O what a businesse
 These hands must have when you have married me?
 To picke out sentences that over-yeare you.

Lel. Give me but leave. *Sul.* Have I a lip? and you
 Made Sonets on't? tis your fault, for otherwise
 Your sister and *Eugenio* had beene sure
 Long time ere this. *Lel.* But — *Sul.* Stay, your Qu's not come yet.
 I hate as perfectly this gray-green of yours,
 As old *Antonio's* green-gray. Fy ! Wise lovers,
 Are most absurd. Were I not full resolved,
 I should begin to coole mine owne affection.
 For shame consider well your sisters temper.
 Her melancholy may much hurt her. Respect her,
 Or spight of mine owne love, Ile make you stay
 Sixe months before you marry me. *Lelio whispers.*

Sul. This your so happy newes? return'd, and safe ?
Antonio yet alive ? *Lelio whispers.* *Sul.* And what then?
Lelio whispers.

Sul. Well ; all your businesse must be compassed
 With winding plots, and cunning stratagems.
 Looke too't : For if we be not married ere next morning,
 By the great love that is hid in this small compasse,

ALBUMAZAR.

Flavia and my selfe will steale you both away
To your eternall shame and foule discred it.

Le. How prettily this lovely littlenesse,
In her own breath pleads her own cause, and my sisters ;
Chides me, and loves. This is that pleasing temper
I more admire, then a continued sweetnesse
That over-satisfies : 'Tis salt I love, not sugar.

Finis Act. 4.

Act. 5. Scæne I.

Albumazar, Ronca, Furbo, Harpax.

Alb. **H**OW ? not a single share of this great prize,
That have deserv'd the whole ? was't not my plot,
And pains, and you meeke instruments and porters ?
Shall I have nothing ? *Ron.* No, not a silver spoon.

Fur. Nor cover of a Trencher-salt. *Har.* Nor Table-napkin.

Alb. Friends, we have kept an honest trust and faith
'Long time amongst us : Break not that sacred league,
By raising civill theft ; turn not your furt
'Gainst your own bowels. Rob your carefull master !
Are you not asham'd ? *Ron.* 'Tis our profession,
As yours Astrology. And in th'days of old,
Good morrow Thiefe, as welcome was receiv'd,
As now your Worship. 'Tis your own instruction.

Furb. The *Spartans* held it lawfull, and th' *Arabians*,
So grew *Arabia* happy, *Sparta* valiant.

Har. The World's a Theater of theft : great Rivers
Rob smaller Brooks ; and them the Ocean.

Alb. Have not I wean'd you up from peti-larceny.
Dangerous and poore ? and nurs't you to full strength
Of safe and gainfull theft ? By rules of Art
And principles of cheating made you free

From

ALBUMAZAR.

From taking, as you went invisible;
 And doe yee thus requite mee; this the reward
 For all my watchfull care? *Ron.* we are your schollers,
 Made by your helpe, and our aptnesse, able
 To instruct others. Tis the Trade we liue by.
 You that are seruant to Diuine Astrology,
 Doe something worth her livery. Cast Figures,
 Make Almanackes for all Meridians.

Fur. Sell Perspicils, and instruments of hearing,
 Turne Clownes to Gentlemen; Buzzards to Falcons,
 Cur-dogs to Grey-hounds; Kitchen-maides to Ladies.

Har. Discover more new Stars, and unknown planets:
 Vent them by dozens, stile them by the names
 Of men that buy such ware. Take lawfull courses,
 Rather then beg. *Alb.* Not keep your honest promise?

Fur. Believe none, credit none: for in this City
 No dwellers are, but Cheaters and Cheateez

Alb. You promis'd me the greatest share. *Ron.* Our promise
 If honest men by Obligations,
 And instruments of Law are hardly constrain'd
 T'observe their word; Can we that make profession
 Of lawlesse courses, do't? *Alb.* Amongst our selves:
 Faulcons that tyrannize o're weaker fowle,
 Hold peace with their own feathers. *Har.* But when they coun-
 Upon one quarry, break that league as we do, (ter

Alb. At least restore th'ten pound in gold I lent you.

Ron. 'Twas lent in an ill Second, worser Third,
 And lucklesse Fourth: 'tis lost, *Albumazar.*

Fur. *Saturne* was in Ascension. *Mercury*
 Was then combust when you delivered it.
 'Twill never be restor'd, *Ron.* *Hali, Abenezra,*
Hiarcha, Brachman, Budda Babylonicus,
 And all the *Chaldes* and the *Cabalists,*
 Affirme that sad aspect threats losse of debts.

Har. Frame by your *Azimut Almicanrar,*
 An engine like a Mace, whose quality
 Of strange retractive vertue may recall

ALBUMAZAR.

Desperate debts, and with that undo Sergeants.

Alb. Was ever man thus baited by's own whelps?
Give me a slender portion for a stock

To begin Trade again. *Ron.* Tis an ill course
And full of feares. This treasure hath enricht us,
And given us means to purchase and live quiet
Of th'fruit of dangers past. When I us'd robbing,
All blocks before me look't like Constables,
And posts appear'd in shape of Gallowses.

Therefore good Tutour take your Pupils counsell:
Tis better beg then steale: Live in poore clothes,
Then hang in Sattin. *Alb.* Villains, Ile be reveng'd,
And reveale all the businesse to a Justice.

Ron. Do, if thou longst to see thy own Anatomy.

Alb. This treachery perswads me to turn honest.

Far. Search your Nativity: see if the Fortunes
And Luminaries be in a good Aspect,
And thank us for thy life. Had we done well,
We had cut thy throat ere this. *Alb.* *Albumazar,*
Trust not these Rogues; hence and revenge.

Ron. Fellow away, here's company. Let's hence. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 5. SCENE. 2.

Cricca. Pandolfo.

Cric. **N**OW *Cricca*, mask thy countenance in joy,
Speak welcome language of good news, and move
Thy Master, whose desires are credulous,
To believe what thou giv'st him. If thy designe
Land at the Haven tis bound for; then *Lelio*,
Eugenio, and their Mistresses, are oblig'd
By oath to assure a state of forty pounds
Upon thee for thy life. *Pan.* I long to know,

How my good Farmer speeds; how *Trincalo*
Hath been deceiv'd by *Lelio*. *Cri.* Where shall I finde him?
What we most seek, still flies us; what's avoided,
Follows, or meets us full. I am embost

With

ALBUMAZAR.

With trotting all the streets to finde *Pandolfo*,
And blesse him with good news. *Pan.* This haste of *Cricca*.
Abodes some good; doubtlesse my *Trincalo*,
Received for *Antonio*, hath given me *Flavia*.

Cricca ? *Cri.* Neither in *Pauls*, at home, nor in the Exchange ?
Nor where he uses to converse ? hee's lost :

And must be cryed. *Pan.* Turn hither, *Cricca*, *Cricca*,
See'st me not ? *Cri.* Sir, the news, and haste to tell it,
Had almost blinded me, Tis so fortunate,
I dare not powre it all at once vpon you,
Lest you should faint and swoond away with ioy.

Your transform'd *Trincalo*-- *Pan.* what newes of him;

Cri. Entred as owner in *Antonio's* house ———

Pan. On. *Cri.* Is acknowledged by his daughter *Flavia*,
And *Lelio* for their father. *Pan.* Quickly good *Cricca* !

Cri. And hath sent me in haste to bid you ——— *Pan.* What ?

Cri. Come with your sonne *Eugenio* ——— *Pan.* And then ?

Cri. That he may be witnesse of your marriage.
But sir, I see no signes of so large goodnesse
As I expected, and this news deserv'd.

Pan. Tis here, tis here, within. All outward symptoms
And characters of joy, are poore expressions
Of my inward happinesse : my heart's full,
And cannot vent the passions. Run *Cricca*, run.
Run as thou lov'st me call *Eugenio*,

And work him to my purpose : thou canst do it :
Haste, call him instantly. *Cri.* I flie sir.

ACT. 5. SCENE 3.

Pandolfo.

HOW shall I recompence this Astrologer ?
This great *Albumazar* ? through whose learned hands
Fortune hath powr'd the effect of my best wishes,
And crown'd my hopes. Give him this chain ? alas !

ALBUMAZAR.

Tis a poore thanks, short by a thousand links
Of his large merit. No, he must live with me,
And my sweet *Flavia*, at his ease and pleasure,
Wanting for nothing. And this very night
I'll get a boy, and he erect a figure
To calculate his fortunes. So there's *Trincalo*
Antoniato, or *Antonio Intrinculate*.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 4.

Antonio. Pandolfo. Lelio. Eugenio.

Ant. Signior *Pandolfo*! welcome. *Lel.* Your servant sir.

Pan. Well met *Antonio*, my prayers and wishes
Have waited on you ever. *Ant.* Thanks dearest friend.

To speak my danger past, were to discourse

Of dead men at a Feast. Such sad relations

Become not marriages, Sir, I am here

Return'd to do you service: where's your sonne?

Pan. He'll wait upon you presently. *Eug.* Signior *Antonio*!

Happily welcome. *Ant.* Thanks *Eugenio*,

How think you Gentlemen? were it amiss

To call down *Flavia* and *Sulpitia*,

That what we do, may with a full consent

Be entertain'd all? *Pan.* Tis well remembred.

Eugenio, call your sister. *Ant.* *Lelio*, call your daughter.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 5.

Pandolfo. Antonio.

Pan. **V**Vifely consider'd *Trincalo*: tis a faire Prologue
To the *Comedy* ensuing. Now I confesse

Albumazar had equall power to change,

And mend thy understanding with thy body.

Let me embrace and hug thee for this service.

'Tis a brave on set: ah my sweet *Trincalo*!

Ant.

ALBUIMAZAR.

Ant. How like you the beginning? *Pan.* Tis o'th' further side
All expectation. *Ant.* Was't not right? and spoken
Like old *Antonio*? *Pan.* 'Tis most admirable:
Were't he himself that spake, he could not better't.
And for thy sake, I wish *Antonio's* shape
May ever be thy house, and 's wit thy In-mate.
But where's my plate, and cloth of silver? *Ant.* Safe.
Pan. They come: keep state, keep state, or al's discover'd.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 6.

Antonio, Pandolfo, Eugenio, Lelio, Flavia, Sulpitia.

Ant. **E** *Ugenio, Flavia, Lelio, Sulpitia;*
Marriages once confirm'd, and consummate,
Admit of no repentance. Therefore 'tis fitting
All parties with full freedome speak their pleasure,
Before it be too late. *Pan.* Good! excellent!

Ant. Speak boldly therefore: do you willingly
Give full authority, and what I decree
Touching these businesses, you'll all performe?

Eug. I rest at your dispose: what you determine,
With my best power I ratifie; and *Sulpitia*,
I dare be bold to promise, says no lesse.

Sul. What e're my father, brother, and your selfe
Shall think convenient, pleaseth me. *Le.* In this,
As in all other service, I commit my selfe
To your commands; and so I hope, my sister.

Fla. With all obedience: for dispose of me
As of a childe, that judgeth nothing good
But what you shall approve. *Ant.* And you *Pandolfo*?

Pan. I most of all. And, for I know the mindes
Of youth are apt to promise, and as prone
To repent after; 'tis my advice they sweare
T'observe without exception, your decree.

Fla. Content. *Sul.* Content. *Pan.* By all the powers that heare
Oaths, and raine vengeance upon broken faith,

ALBUMAZAR.

I promise to confirme and ratifie

Your sentence. *Le.* Sir, I sweare no lesse. *Eug.* Nor I.

Fla. The self-same oath bindes me. *Sul.* And me the same.

Pan. Now *Antonio*, all our expectation

Hangs at your mouth. None of us can appeale

From you to higher Courts. *Ant.* First, for preparative

Or slight *Preludium* to the greater matches ;

I must intreat you that my *Armellina*

Be match't with *Trincalo*. Two hundred Crowns

I give her for her portion. *Pan.* Tis done. Some reliques

Of his old Clownery, and dregs o'th'Country,

Dwell in him still : how carefull he provides

For himself first ! Content. And more, I grant him

A lease for twenty pounds a yeare. *Ant.* I thank you.

Gentlemen, since I feele my selfe much broken

With age, and my late miseries, and too cold,

To entertain new heat ; I freely yield

Sulpitia, whom I lov'd, to my sonne *Lelio*.

Pan. How cunningly the Farmer hath provided

T'observe the semblance of *Antonio's* person,

And keep himselfe still free for *Armellina* !

Ant. Signior *Pandolfo*, y'are wise, and understand

How ill hot appetites of unbridled youth

Become gray haire. How grave and honourable

Wert for your age to be enamored

With the faire shape of vertue, and the glory

Of our Fore-fathers ! Then would you blush to think

How by this dotage, and unequall love,

You stain their honour, and your own. Awake,

Banish those wilde affections ; and by my example

Turn t' your reposed self. *Pan.* To what purpose, pray you,

Serves this long proame ? on to th'sentence. *Ant.* Sir,

Conformity of yeers, likenesse of manners,

Are *Gordian* knots that binde up Matrimony.

Now betwixt seventy Winters, and sixteen,

There's no proportion, nor least hope of love.

Fie that a Gentleman of your discretion,

ALBUIMAZAR.

Crownd with such reputation in your youth,
Should in your Western days, lose th'good Opinion
Of all your friends; and run to th'open danger
Of closing the weak remnant of your days
With discontentment unrecoverable.

Pan. Wrack me no more; pray you let's heare the sentence:
Note how the Asse would fright me, and endear
His service; intimating that his power
May over-throw my hopes: Proceed to th'sentence.

An. These things consider'd, I bestow my daughter
Upon your sonne *Eugenio*; whose constant love
With his so modest carriage, hath deserv'd her.
And, that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,
I marry you with *Patience*. *Pan.* Treacherous Villain!
Accursed *Trincalo*! Ile——But this no place,
He's too well backt. But shortly when the date
Of his Antonioship's expir'd, revenge
Shall sweeten this disgrace. *Ant.* Signior *Pandolfo*,
When you recover your selfe, lost desperately
In disproportion'd dotage, then you'l thank me
For this great favour: be not obstinate;
Disquiet not your selfe. *Pan.* I thank you sir.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 7.

Pandolfo.

ANd that you freeze not for bad-fellow,
I marry you with *Patience*. Traiterous villain!
Is it not enough to wrong me, and betray me,
But't must be done with scoffs; accursed *Trincalo*:
And me most miserable! I that when I thought
T' imbrace young *Flavia*, see her before my face
Bestowd upon my sonne! my sonne my Rivall!
This is *Eugenio's* plot, and his friend *Lelio's*;
Who, with my servant *Cricca*, have conspir'd,
And suborn'd *Trincalo* to betray his Master.

L.

Why

Why do I rage 'gainst any but my selfe,
That have committed such a serious businesse
To th' hands of a base Clown, and ignorant?
I see mine errour, but no means to help it.
Only the sweetnesse of revenge is left me,
Which I must execute : th' houres of 's Gentry
Are now clean spent. He home, and there attend him!

ACT. 5. SCENE 8.

Trincalo drunk, but something recovered.

V Elcome old trusty *Trincalo*, good Farmer welcome!
give me thy hand, we must not part hereafter. Fie, what
a trouble tis to be out of a mans self ! If Gentlemen have no plea-
sure but what I felt to day ; a team of horses shall not drag me out
of my profession. There's nothing amongst them but borrowing,
compounding for half their debts, and have their purse cut for the
rest, coozned by whores, frightened with husbands, washt in wet
hog shea's, cheated of their cloaths, and falling in cellars for con-
elusion.

ACT. 5. SCENE 9.

Pandolfo at the window. Trincalo.

Pan. **O** Precious piece of villany ! are you unchang'd ?
How confident the Rogue dares walk the streets !

Tri. And then such quarrelling : never a suite I wore to day, but
hath been foundly basted. Only this faithfull Country case scap't
fist-free ; and be it spoken in a good houre, was never beaten yet
since it came from fulling !

Pan. Tiff. toff. Base treacherous villain ! toff. toff. toff.

Tri. Is this the recompence of my days work ?

Pan. You marry me to patience? there's patience.
She's a good bed-fellow ; have patience.

Tri. You'l beat me out on't sir : how have I wrong'd you ?

Pan. So, as deserves th' expression of my fury

With

ALBUIMAZAR.

With th' cruellst tortures I can execute. *Tri.* You kill me fir.

Pan. Have patience. *Tri.* Pray your fir!

Pan. Seek not by humble penitence t' appease me.

Nothing can fatisfie. *Tri.* Farewell humility.

Now I am beaten sober. (*takes away Pandolfo's staffe.*)

Shall age and weaknesse master my youth and strength?

Now speak your pleasure: what's my fault? *Pan.* Dar'st deny

Thy own act done before so many witnesses?

Suborn'd by others, and betray my confidence

With such stony impudence? *Tri.* I have been faithfull

In all you trusted me. *Pan.* To them; not me.

O what a Proæmestuff with grave advice,

And learned counsaile, you could showre upon me

Before the thunder of your deadly sentence!

And give away my Mistris with a scoffe!

Tri. I give your Mistris? *Pan.* Didst not thou decree

Contrary t' our compact, against my marriage?

Tri. Why when was I your judge? *Pan.* Just now, here.

Tri. See your errour! then was I fast lockt in Antonio's Cellar:
Where making vertue of necessity, I drunk stark drunk; and wa-
king, found my self cloth'd in this Farmers suit, as in th' morning.

Pan. Didst not thou sweare t' enter Antonio's house,

And give me *Flavia* for my wife? and after,

Before my own face, gav'st her to my sonne?

Tri. Ha, ha, ha!

Pan. Canst thou deny't? *Tri.* Ha, ha, ha!

Whilst Trincalo

Have you got Mistris *Patience*? ha, ha, ha!

laughs, and falls

Pan. Is not this true?

Tri. Ha, ha, ha!

the staffe, Pan-

Pan. Answer me.

Tri. Ha, ha, ha, wan!

dolfo recovers it,

Pan. Was't not thus?

Tri. I answer.

and beats him.

First, I never was transform'd, but guld,

As you were by th' Astrologer, and those that cald me Antonio.

To prove this true, the Gentleman you spoke with, was Antonio,

The right Antonio, safely returnd from *Barbary*.

Pan. Oh me; whats this? *Tri.* Truth it selfe.

Pan. Was't not thou that gav'st the sentence?

Tri. Believe me no such matter:

I nere was Gentleman, nor otherwise

ALBUMAZAR.

Then what I am, unlesse 'twere when I was drunk.

Pan. How have I been deceiv'd? good *Trincalo*.
Pardon me. I have wrong'd thee. *Tri.* Pardon you?
When you have beaten me to paste, good *Trincalo*,
Pardon me? *Pan.* I am sorry for't; excuse me.

Tri. I am sorry I must excuse you. But I pardon you.

Pan. Now tell me where's the plate and cloath of silver,
The gold and jewels that the Astrologer
Committed to thy keeping? *Tri.* What plate, what jewels?
He gave me none. But when he went to change me,
After a thousand circles and ceremonies,
He binds me fast upon a forme, and blindes me
With a thick Table-napkin. Not long after
Unbindes my head and feet, and gives me light:
And then I plainly saw, that I saw nothing:
The Parler was clean swept of all was in't.

Pan. Oh me: Oh me!

Tri. What ails you? Sir, what ails you?

Pan. I am undone, I have lost my love, my plate,
My whole estate, and with the rest my selfe.

Tri. Lose not your patience too. Leave this lamenting,
And lay the Town; you may recover it.

Pan. Tis to finall purpose. In and hold thy peace.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 10.

Cricca. Pandolfo.

Cri. **VV** Here shall I finde my Master to content him
With welcome news? He's here; news, news!
News of good fortune, joy, and happinesse!

Pan. *Cricca*, my sadnesse is incapable
Of better tydings: I am undone most miserable!

Cri. Offend not your good luck, y'are now more fortunate
Then when you rose this morning: be merry, sir,
Cheare up your selfe, y'have what you wisht, feare nothing.

Pan. May be *Antonio* newly repents himselfe,
With purpose to restore *Flavia*.

Cricca,

ALBUMAZAR.

Cricca, what ist? where's all this happinesse?

Cri. Lockt in *Antonio's* closet. *Pan.* All alone?
Sure that's *Flavia*. Is not *Eugenio*

Suffred to enter? *Cri.* *Antonio* keeps the Key:

No creature enters but himselfe: all's safe

And shall be so restor'd. *Pan.* O my sweet *Cricca*!

Cri. And they that wrong'd you, most extreamly sorry,
Ready to yield you any satisfaction.

Pan. Ist possible they should so soon repent them?

That injur'd me so lately? tell me the manner

That caus'd them see their Errour. *Cri.* Ile tell you, sir.

Being just now at old *Antonio's* house,

One thunders at th' back doore, enters, and presses

To speak in private with yong *Lelio*;

Was instantly admitted: and think you who?

Twas your Astrologer *Albumazar*.

When he had spoke a while; *Lelio* and *Antonio*

In haste command me fetch a Constable.

Pan. How can this Story touch my happinesse?

Cri. I up and down through slimy Ale-houses,

Cloudy Tobacco-shops, and vapouring Taverns:

My mouth full of inquiry: at last found one.

Pan. What of all this? ist possible a Constable

Concerns my good? *Cri.* And following my directions,

Went to a Tipling-house, where we took drinking

Three handsome fellows with a great chest; attacht them,

And brought all to *Antonio*. *Pan.* Well, what then?

Cri. These were th' Astrologers intelligences, that

Robd you through th' Southwindow. *Pan.* I thought th' hadst

Of *Flavia's* restoring. *Cri.* I mean your plate (spoke

And treasure; pray you, sir, ist not great happinesse

To re-obtain three thousand pounds in value,

Desperatly lost? and you still dote and dream

Of *Flavia*, who by your own consent

And oath is promis'd to your sonne *Eugenio*?

Pan. Forward. *Cri.* Within this chest *Antonio* found your plate,

Gold, jewels, cloth of silver, nothing perisht,

Albumazar
ALBUMAZAR.

But all safe lockt till you acknowledge it.
And since *Albumazar* of his owne accord
Freely confest, and safe restord your treasure:
Since tis a day of iubile and marriage:
Antonio would intreat you to release
And Pardon the Astrologer. Thanking your fortune
That hath restord you to your wealth, and selfe.
Both which were lost i'th' foolish loue of *Flavia*.

Pan. Reason hath cleard my sight, and drawn the vaile
Of dotage that so darkt my understanding.
I clearely see the slavery of affections;
And how vsuitable my declining yeares
Are for the dawning youth of *Flavia*.
Let the best joys of *Hymen* compasse her,
And her young husband, my *Eugenio*,
With full content. And since *Albumazar*
By accident, causd all this happinesse:
I freely pardon him, and his companions:
And haste to assist the Marriages and Feasts.

Cri. Why now you shew your selfe a worthy Gentleman.

ACT. 5. SCEN. ult.

Trincalo, Cricca.

Tri. **C***ricca* I over-heard your news: all parts are pleald,
Except my selfe: Is there no news for *Trincalo*?

Cri. Knowst it not? in and see: *Antonio*
Hath given thee *Armellina* with a portion,
Two hundred Crowns; and old *Pandolfo* bound
By oath t' assure thee twenty pounds a yeer,
For three lives. *Tri.* Haj! *Cri.* Come in. *Tri.* Ile follow.

Epilogue.



Epilogue.

TWo hundred Crowns ? and twenty pound a yeare.
For three good lives ? Cargo ! hai Trincalo !
My wife's extreamly busie, dressing the supper
For these great marriages; and I not idle,
So that I cannot entertain you here
As I would else-where. But if you come to Totnam
Some foure daies hence, and aske for Trincalo
At th' signe o' th' Hog shead; Ile morgage all my Lives
To bid you welcome. You that love Trincalo
And mean to meet, clap hands and mak' t' a bargain.

FINIS.

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